

# Hawthorne of the U. S. A.

BY  
JAMES BERNARD FAGAN

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th St., New York



# Hawthorne of The U. S. A.

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY

JAMES BERNARD FAGAN

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The following is a copy of the playbill of the first performance of "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." at the Astor Theatre, New York, Nov. 4, 1912.

COHAN & HARRIS  
PRESENT  
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS  
IN  
HAWTHORNE OF THE U. S. A.  
A ROMANTIC FARCE, BEING THE ADVENTURES OF  
AN AMERICAN IN THE BALKANS  
BY  
JAMES BERNARD FAGAN  
CAST OF CHARACTERS  
MISS FITZ-HARDINGE SMYTH.....*Annie Hughes*  
M. DE WITZ.....*Ivan Simpson*  
PRINCESS IRMA AUGUSTA ELIZABETH  
OVERITCH .....*Irene Fenwick*  
ANTHONY HAMILTON HAWTHORNE.....*Douglas*  
*Fairbanks*  
RODNEY BLAKE.....*Sam B. Hardy*  
AUGUSTUS III.....*Allan Pollock*  
COUNT IVAN PAVLOVIC .....*Eric Blind*  
GENERAL HOHENLOE.....*Henry Stephenson*  
COLONEL RADUKSKI.....*Walter Howe*  
PRINCE VLADIMIR HALBERSTADT...*Martin L. Alsop*  
M. FREDERICK.....*Louis LeBey*  
A REPORTER.....*W. Leonard Howe*  
KATE BALLARD.....*Ruth Allen*  
HON. THOMAS BALLARD.....*Rapley Holmes*  
AN OFFICER OF THE GUARD.....*W. Mayne Linton*  
M. ADAMOVIC.....*Legai Robinson*  
M. STEINMETZ.....*Rexford Collins*  
A COURT CHAMBERLAIN.....*Frederick Powell*  
OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, POLICE, OFFICIALS and  
CIVILIANS  
TIME: *The present.*

SYNOPSIS: Act I.—Garden of the Summer Palace, near Oberon, the Capital of Borrovina, a small independent state in Southeastern Europe. Act II.—Borrovinian Casino in Oberon, used as a hotel. Three days later. Act III.—Cabinet Council Chambers in the Palace at Oberon. The same evening. Act IV.—Same as Act I. One year later.

# HAWTHORNE OF THE U. S. A.

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## ACT I

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

AUGUSTUS III.....	<i>King of Borrovina</i>
PRINCE VLADIMIR HALBERSTADT	
COUNT IVAN PAULOVIC.....	<i>Chancellor of State</i>
GENERAL HOHENLOE.....	<i>Minister of War</i>
M. DE WITZ.....	<i>Minister of Police</i>
M. ADAMOVIC.....	<i>Equerry to Prince Vladimir</i>
AN OFFICER OF THE GUARDS	
M. FREDERICK.....	<i>Proprietor of the Casino</i>
REPORTER ON THE "BORROVINA SCIMITAR"	
ANTHONY HAMILTON HAWTHORNE...	<i>An American</i>
	<i>Tourist</i>
RODNEY BLAKE.....	<i>His friend</i>
SENATOR THOMAS BALLARD.	
KATE BALLARD.....	<i>His daughter</i>
PRINCESS IRMA AUGUSTA ELIZABETH OBERITCH	
	<i>The King's daughter</i>
MISS FITZ-HARDINGS SMYTHE..	<i>An English Gover-</i>
	<i>ness</i>

*Officers, soldiers, officials, civilians, etc.*





# Hawthorne of The U. S. A.

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## ACT I

SCENE: *Laid in Oberon, the small capital of Borrovina, a small independent state somewhere in the mess of Southeastern Europe.*

TIME: *The present.*

SCENE: *In the Park of the Summer Palace. A picturesque wilderness of neglect and decay. Back c. a steep drop fringed by a low broken balustrade. From this can be seen a view looking over a valley sparsely settled, representing the Capital. On the L., stone steps lead to the scene. On either side of these moss-grown, weather-beaten, broken columns and bits of statuary are scattered, partially overgrown with creepers. R. C. is a time-worn sun-dial, the base of which is covered with creepers.*

DISCOVERED: MISS SMYTHE *reading a magazine, seated on bench R. C. After curtain is well up M. DE. WITZ enters from L., coming down the stairs.*

DE WITZ. (*Speaks from top of steps*) Good-afternoon, Mademoiselle.

MISS SMYTHE. (*Rising. Surprised at seeing him*) Ah, M. De Witz!

DE WITZ. (L. c.) Mademoiselle, I am the

bearer of a letter to her Royal Highness from the King.

MISS SMYTHE. (R. C.) Indeed! She will be here presently. It must be a message of great importance when our Minister of Police delivers it in person.

DE WITZ. It is—of great importance.

MISS SMYTHE. (*Going to him*) I also have a matter of great importance on which I should like to consult your Excellence.

DE WITZ. (*Surprised*) Eh—er—delighted.

MISS SMYTHE. My salary.

DE WITZ. Ah?

MISS SMYTHE. It is now some eight months in arrears.

DE WITZ. I congratulate you, mademoiselle. (*Shakes her hand. She stares at him*) With the exception of the Chancellor who is also the Treasurer you are the only official in the state who is owed less than a year's arrears in pay.

MISS SMYTHE. Good gracious!—but what does it mean?

DE WITZ. It means there is no money, my dear lady. For nearly two years no one has been paid. The ministers, the army, even the police. (*Crossing R.*) It means national bankruptcy. It may mean—Sh! Her Royal Highness.

(*The PRINCESS enters from the steps L. She is a girl of about eighteen. Her manner is that of a school girl at times, yet that of one who is accustomed to command and expects to be obeyed.*)

PRINCESS. (*From top of the steps*) It seems I am interrupting a cabinet council.

DE WITZ. (*Bowing*) Your Royal Highness.

PRINCESS. (*Coming down*) M. De Witz, I am

glad to see you. (*Turning to Miss SMYTHE*) Mademoiselle, have you forgotten what I said yesterday?

MISS SMYTHE. (c.) I?

PRINCESS. (L. c.) Every afternoon from five this little garden of the sun-dial is to be sacred from intrusion.

MISS SMYTHE. Your Royal Highness, I know, but to-day M. De Witz's coming made it——

PRINCESS. (*Crossing R. and smiling at DE WITZ*) M. De Witz, does a governess obey a Royal Princess, or does a Royal Princess obey her governess?

DE WITZ. (*Looking at his watch*) In this instance, I think, the question does not arise as it still wants twenty minutes of five.

(PRINCESS crosses to sun-dial and looks at it.)

PRINCESS. Oh!

MISS SMYTHE. (c.) M. De Witz is the bearer of a letter from his Majesty.

PRINCESS. (R. of sun-dial. *Girlishly*) A letter for me? How nice!

DE WITZ. (*Crossing to her*) Permit me. (*Hands her the letter and she crosses and sits on bench L. of sun-dial and reads it*) A not inauspicious mercury, I trust. (*Above sun-dial*)

PRINCESS. His Majesty writes that I am to expect him this afternoon when he wishes to present to me—"someone of whom I am destined to see more in the future." (*She looks up puzzled*) Is it permitted to inquire who is this someone?

(DE WITZ places his finger on his lips as MISS SMYTHE is about to answer.)

DE WITZ. I take it, your Royal Highness, that it is his Majesty's wish that you should learn that from his own lips.

PRINCESS. I see—I'm to have a surprise.

MISS SMYTHE. (R. C.) In view of the occasion, if I might suggest, Your Royal Highness' costume is scarcely one of ceremony.

PRINCESS. I've no time to change. I've an appointment here at five——

DE WITZ. (C. *staring at her*) Appointment?

MISS SMYTHE. (R. C. *Also staring at her*) Here?

PRINCESS. (Still seated) Ye-es. (She looks from one to the other, then smiles) This is—er—I mean—a make-believe appointment. (They wonder at her) Every afternoon at five I give audience. (Both start) Or rather pretend to give audience. (She smiles at their puzzled expressions) You see, I'm not permitted to appear at Court—I'm not out—and I can't attend receptions or anything—so I just make believe being out. This garden is my court—here I receive crowds of interesting men. Princes, dukes, famous soldiers, great statesmen, ambassadors, poets, artists, diplomatists——

DE WITZ. And no ladies?

PRINCESS. No—I never thought of them. (Laughs)

DE WITZ. (Going to her and bowing) No matter, Princess. In your presence they would be eclipsed. And now, with your permission, I'll go back to the Capital to accompany his Majesty. (DE WITZ exits L. 2)

(HAWTHORNE whistles off-stage. MISS SMYTHE looks up-stage. HAWTHORNE whistles again.)

MISS SMYTHE. What's that?

PRINCESS. Nothing. Mademoiselle, let us compromise—I shall wear a hat.

(All exit L. There is a moment's pause. Suddenly HAWTHORNE leaps lightly to the top of

*the wall up c. He sits on it and looks about the garden and whistles softly as if calling someone. He listens and as there is no response he jumps down, goes to the steps and looks off, then to the summer-house and looks around. He sees no one. He makes a gesture of disgust—looks at his watch, crossing L. There is a noise heard behind the wall up c., and he quickly hides behind the stone bench at L. c. After considerable effort BLAKE climbs to the top of the wall, perches there looking around. HAWTHORNE looks up from behind the bench—BLAKE sees him and smiles at him.)*

BLAKE. Hello!

HAWTHORNE. (*Down L. angrily*) What are you doing here?

BLAKE. Just wanted to see what was on this side of the wall.

HAWTHORNE. (*A couple of steps U. c.*) You've been following me.

BLAKE. Well, you certainly don't object, do you? (*Jumps down*)

HAWTHORNE. Well, you mustn't come in here. Nobody is allowed in here——

BLAKE. (C.) Well, you're in here, aren't you?

HAWTHORNE. (L. c.) But these are private grounds.

BLAKE. I'll take a chance. (*Walks about R. whistling. Pause*)

HAWTHORNE. (C.) Now that you've found me—what do you want?

BLAKE. (R. c.) I want to tell you that we're ready to start for Paris.

HAWTHORNE. But there's something wrong with the automobile.

BLAKE. Another excuse. I fixed all that—all it needed was gasoline.

HAWTHORNE. (*Crosses R. and sits on steps*) Well, it's too late to go to-day.

BLAKE. Don't you think you've been carrying these excuses about far enough? You've been hanging around here for four days when we only intended staying over night. For two days you had me fooled with your stories about not feeling well and the motor broken down and all the rest—but yesterday I got on to these afternoon strolls of yours—always at the same hour—and to-day I've found out where you come. (*Rises and crosses L., looking about*) You've chosen a fine old romantic spot—I'll say that for you—only needs a girl to complete the picture. (*HAWTHORNE rises, goes up R.*) Where is she?

HAWTHORNE. Where is who?

BLAKE. Oh, come on, I know I'm easy but I wake up sometimes. You've met a girl here and tried to keep me from finding it out.

HAWTHORNE. (*Going to BLAKE*) Well, now, what if I have?

BLAKE. (*Moves to bench L. and sits on lower arm*) That's better. Now tell me about her.

HAWTHORNE. (*L. c.*) What do you want to know?

BLAKE. Who is she?

HAWTHORNE. I don't know.

BLAKE. A native?

HAWTHORNE. I suppose so.

BLAKE. Is she pretty?

HAWTHORNE. Is she pretty? No—I've been hanging around here for four days talking to an old battle-axe. Is she pre—? (*His manner changes*) Say, Rod—(*Goes to him*) I'm telling you the truth. I don't know her name, and I don't know who she is but take it from me you've never seen such an absolutely divine—

BLAKE. All right—I know the rest. (*HAW-*

THORNE goes to c. *After a pause BLAKE continues*)  
Has she got a friend?

HAWTHORNE. (*Looks at BLAKE. Crosses R., then back to BLAKE*) No.

BLAKE. Lively for me, isn't it? Sitting around in that poverty-stricken Casino—(*Sits on bench*)

HAWTHORNE. (*Crosses to BLAKE R.*) I'm not going to ask you to stay much longer—honestly. But—(*Sits R. of BLAKE on same bench*) After I saw her that first day I had to see her again—simply had to, that's all. You'd have done the same thing if you had been in my place.

BLAKE. Why didn't you tell me about her?

HAWTHORNE. (*Rises, goes c.*) I didn't like to somehow. You see, no girl has ever affected me before as this one did.

BLAKE. (*Rises—goes to him c.*) Say—this is worse than I thought. You take a tip from me, Tony. Clear out of this place quick. Paris, Paris my boy, Paris where there are enough girls to go around. That's the spot for us.

HAWTHORNE. There is no other spot on earth for me but this, Rod, and I wish you'd get out and go back to the hotel. She may be here at any moment. (*Crosses to steps, looking at watch*)

BLAKE. (L. C.) You mean you're not going to carry out our plan?

HAWTHORNE. Of course I am.

BLAKE. (*Crossing to stone R.*) Well, hanging around this God-forsaken place doesn't do it. When you made that big haul at Monte Carlo you said we'd go to Paris and live like kings, and we were giving a fine imitation of multi-millionaires until we struck this dump. (*Sits on stone R.*) The papers are full of your Monte Carlo experience—they've got you down as another Rockefeller. (*Taking newspaper out of his pocket*) They've even got it here in Borrovina's Daily Scimitar. Come here,



listen, to this. (HAWTHORNE *sits on arm of bench* R. C. BLAKE *reads*) "Last Monday night a young American named Anthony Hawthorne succeeded in breaking the bank at Monte Carlo. It is stated that Mr. Hawthorne and his travelling companion, Mr. Rodney Blake—(*Looks up at HAWTHORNE and repeats name proudly*) Mr. Rodney Blake—were strolling through the famous resort with no intention of playing when Hawthorne decided to place a Louis on No. 5." Lucky five!

HAWTHORNE. Lucky five!

BLAKE. It won and then repeated three times. After the first roll Hawthorne kept the lucky number covered with gold pieces. He continued to play five and all the numbers in the immediate vicinity until in something less than two hours the croupier announced the bank was closed. It is rumored that Mr. Hawthorne is a young man of vast wealth. (*They both laugh*) "All right, George. He and Mr. Blake left the next day on a motor trip to Paris. Tony, just think: this is more money than we ever thought existed. Just imagine what a splurge we would make in Paris with everybody thinking you own America.

HAWTHORNE. (*Looks about*) Say, Rod, will you do me a favor? (*Slaps him on back and goes up*) Please get out of here and go home.

BLAKE. By Jove! What do you think of this? Kate and her father are in Paris.

HAWTHORNE. On the level? (*Goes to him and takes paper*)

BLAKE. Look at this list of arrivals from the Paris Herald. That—(*Rises*) settles it. (*Crosses L.*) Paris is the next stop for me.

HAWTHORNE. (*Down c.*) Yes—why don't you go to Paris, and I'll join you later?

BLAKE. (L. C.) Go to Paris and leave you here in the condition you're in?



HAWTHORNE. But Kate and her father won't stay in Paris. They're on their way to Carlsbad, aren't they?

BLAKE. Well, we could go to Carlsbad.

HAWTHORNE. No. (*Then suddenly. Both are about c. now*) By Jove, I've got it. How would you like to have Kate come here?

BLAKE. What?

HAWTHORNE. Why of course, that's the very thing. Then you could have her all to yourself.

BLAKE. What's struck you now?

HAWTHORNE. This'll be great. We'll just send them a wire.

BLAKE. I don't get you at all.

HAWTHORNE. You will in a minute. Got a pencil?

BLAKE. (*Finding one*) Yes.

HAWTHORNE. Write this——

BLAKE. But, Tony——

HAWTHORNE. (*Hands him an old envelope*) Go ahead—write. Kate Ballard—what's their Paris address?

BLAKE. Grand Hotel.

HAWTHORNE. "Kate Ballard, Grand Hotel, Paris." Got that? "Discovered marvelous spring here." (*BLAKE looks at him*) Well, he wants to go to Carlsbad—sure, the Spring at the Casino, you know—go ahead—write it.

(*BLAKE writes it.*)

BLAKE. These waters are no good.

HAWTHORNE. But he doesn't know that. Positive cure for all forms of rheumatism.

BLAKE. (L.) Oh, no.

HAWTHORNE. (L. c.) Yes, they are—the fellow over there told me so this morning. "Positive cure for all forms of rheumatism."

BLAKE. How do you spell rheumatism?

HAWTHORNE. Roomtizm.

BLAKE. I can spell it better than that.

HAWTHORNE. "Sure to be great benefit to Senator—Much better Bad than Carlsbad. This is a most beautiful spot."

BLAKE. (*Writing*) Most beautiful spot——

HAWTHORNE. "Tony and I are waiting for you—Love."

BLAKE. Would you say Love?

HAWTHORNE. You love her, don't you?

BLAKE. Sure I do.

HAWTHORNE. Then why not say so. Now sign it. (*Goes up L.*)

BLAKE. Love. (*Goes up c.*) Oh, say I wouldn't dare send this thing.

HAWTHORNE. Sh! Someone's coming—you go to the telegraph office and do what I tell you. (*He pushes BLAKE up toward wall in back*)

BLAKE. But see here——

HAWTHORNE. Don't stop to argue.

BLAKE. (*On wall*) If you don't get back by six I'll come after you.

HAWTHORNE. Go on! (*He pushes BLAKE over the wall and throws newspaper after him. He then goes quietly and hides behind the summer house. A moment's pause and then the PRINCESS enters from L. 2 and looks about. She goes to wall and listens, then slowly comes down to sundial and bends over it*)

PRINCESS. Almost five. Dear Hour! (*She stoops over it and kisses it. In the meantime HAWTHORNE comes from behind the summer house and goes toward her. When he is near her, she turns her head and sees him*)

HAWTHORNE. (c.) Hello! I hope I didn't startle you.

PRINCESS. (L. c. at dial) Oh, no—only—I thought I was alone.

HAWTHORNE. You expected me, didn't you?

PRINCESS. Why should I?

HAWTHORNE. Didn't you tell me yesterday you might be here this afternoon? Why should you expect me? You don't do yourself justice. (*She moves L. Of sun-dial*) But I suppose I ought not to have seen the mark of affection you wasted on that thing! (*Indicating sun-dial*)

PRINCESS. You mustn't call my sun-dial "that thing."

HAWTHORNE. What made you kiss it?

PRINCESS. I kissed it because it said it was five o'clock.

HAWTHORNE. (*Starts toward her*) Did you? There must be something awfully fascinating about five. It's been awfully lucky to me. Tell me why you like it.

PRINCESS. (*Confusedly*) Oh, I don't know—five o'clock is as good an hour as any other, don't you think?

HAWTHORNE. I think it's a million times better—since I met you. Only all the other hours on the clock are jealous.

PRINCESS. Oh, now you're calling it a clock.

HAWTHORNE. Haven't you ever heard a sun-dial called a clock?

PRINCESS. No.

HAWTHORNE. I have, that is—a certain kind of a clock.

PRINCESS. What kind?

HAWTHORNE. (*Blows on dial*) It is called a lover's clock. When lovers meet they forget that such a thing as time exists, and the sun-dial helps them do it—it's silent; it's discreet. When they think they have had five minutes of perfect happiness, it doesn't clang a bell to let them know they have been sitting there an hour. The hours steal by in silence, and there is no monotonous ticking

to tell them time is moving. So it never wakes lovers from their dreams—it never tells them it is time to go.

PRINCESS. (*Naïvely*) Then I'm glad I kissed it, I hate hearing it is time to go, don't you?

HAWTHORNE. It's the one thing in the world I'm afraid of—now. (PRINCESS *crosses to R.*) That's funny—you were standing by the sun-dial the first day I saw you. Were you kissing five o'clock then?

PRINCESS. No, I was giving audience. Oh, it was the strangest thing.

HAWTHORNE. (c.) Giving audience?

PRINCESS. (R. c.) Yes, I was pretending that this was my court. I was about to receive a great General who led his troops to victory. I looked up to see him come before me and there you were, climbing over the wall.

HAWTHORNE. (c.) Wonderful! And that was why you spoke to me as you did?

PRINCESS. (R. c.) Yes, it seemed so natural—just as I were expecting you.

HAWTHORNE. And so you invited me in—as if—I thought at the time—as if you were a queen. (*Struck suddenly with an idea*) Why not play it again? You give audience to me.

PRINCESS. Shall I? Oh, it would be great fun.

HAWTHORNE. I'll tell you—you pretend that you are a—Royal Princess, eh? (PRINCESS *looks at him and realizes he has no idea as to her identity*) What's the matter?

PRINCESS. (R.) I was only wondering if I could pretend to be a Royal Princess.

HAWTHORNE. Why, of course you can—if you get stuck I'll help you out—and I'm to be the Prince.

PRINCESS. Oh, no—that wouldn't make it any fun at all.

HAWTHORNE. Wouldn't it? Well, I choose to be

somebody important. I want to be somebody who everybody bows to and makes way for.

PRINCESS. I'll tell you who you may be. You may be my Minister of Foreign Affairs, and I have sent you around the world to find out what all the other countries are doing and how we may profit by their example.

HAWTHORNE. That's just the thing. Here's your throne. (PRINCESS *sits on bench* R. C.) Now, I'll go and dress for it. (*Exits up steps* L. *He turns his coat inside out and throws it about his shoulders as a sort of mantle. The PRINCESS sits with great dignity on the bench* R. C.)

PRINCESS. Now, my Lord Chamberlain, we are ready to receive the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

HAWTHORNE. (*Off* L.) Ready?

PRINCESS. Yes.

HAWTHORNE. (*Enters top of stairs and announces*) His Royal Minister, the Duke of Monte Carlo. (*Exits and imitates bugle call, and then re-enters and goes to PRINCESS and bows low*) Princess!

PRINCESS. Oh, no, that's not the way at all.

HAWTHORNE. Didn't I do it right?

PRINCESS. (*Laughing*) Not the least bit. You must kneel before me and kiss my hand and you mustn't speak until I give you permission.

HAWTHORNE. Oh, I see. Well, I'll try it. (*He goes* L. 2, *and announces*) Make way for the Duke of Monte Carlo. (*He again imitates bugle call then comes over to PRINCESS, throws his hat up-stage and kneels before her. She holds out her hand which he takes in both of his and covers it with kisses. She draws it away*)

PRINCESS. Speak Carlo. (*He looks at her*) Speak.

HAWTHORNE. (*Sits back on floor and laughs*) I can't do it that way.

PRINCESS. Why not?

HAWTHORNE. Not after what you said.

PRINCESS. What I said?

HAWTHORNE. Speak, Carlo. I'm the Minister of Foreign Affairs, you know, and you talked as if I were a trained dog. (*Rises*) You ought to say something like—like—"Go on, your story interests me."

PRINCESS. Oh, no, that wouldn't be proper at all.

HAWTHORNE. Wouldn't it? Well, it was only a suggestion; now let's try it again. We'll begin where I kiss your hand. (*He kneels*)

PRINCESS. No, you've done that. Arise, your Grace, we are prepared to listen to your reports.

HAWTHORNE. (*Arises*) Oh, most beautiful Princess—Oh, most wonderfully adorable Princess—most——

PRINCESS. (*Still seated*) I—I must remind your Grace that you are to report on foreign matters.

HAWTHORNE. I beg your pardon. Your Royal Highness, at your command I have travelled over the entire earth—I have carefully studied the condition of foreign powers and I have to report that—(*He looks at her*) in all my travels I have seen no one who for a moment can compare with Your Royal Highness. To me you are the most beautiful—the most——

PRINCESS. (*Rises*) I mustn't play if you are going to talk like that.

HAWTHORNE. I'm sorry. I'll tell you what—you ask me questions and I'll avoid being personal.

PRINCESS. (*Sits again*) Very well. (*She sits. He goes c. and returns*) Tell us, Carlo——

HAWTHORNE. If you don't mind, call me by my first name—Monty.

PRINCESS. Tell us, Monty, of that great country, America, of which we hear so much.

HAWTHORNE. (*She is seated—he stands L. of*

her) America! America, your Royal Highness, between us, right here in open court, do I tell you that America had all other countries beaten a thousand ways.

PRINCESS. We are told it is a land of extravagance—where wealth dominates—where in their government wealth even places men in power—are we rightly informed, Carlo?

HAWTHORNE. We are forced to admit your Highness, that America is not wholly free from the corrupting influence of money—but what country is?

PRINCESS. Borrovina!

(HAWTHORNE *laughs* and the PRINCESS is *indignant*.)

HAWTHORNE. Borrovina! Borrovina, is free from money itself, as nearly as I can make out.

PRINCESS. In Borrovina there are many things that come before money.

HAWTHORNE. They'd have to if they came at all. No, your Highness, what this poor little burgh needs is the introduction of new blood—new methods.

PRINCESS. You are unpleasantly frank, sir. (*Rises and goes R.*)

HAWTHORNE. (*Goes to R. of her*) Oh, I say, this game isn't going right at all—let's stop playing it. There is only one thing in Borrovina that interests me. Can't you guess what it is? Please let me tell you—I must tell you: I love you—I have from the first moment I saw you.—

MISS SMYTHE. (*Calling off-stage L.*) Your Royal Highness! (*A pause. Both look startled. MISS SMYTHE calls again, louder*) Your Royal Highness!

PRINCESS. Presently, mademoiselle.

HAWTHORNE. Royal Highness—YOU! (*He*



*exits behind summer house. MISS SMYTHE enters on steps, hurriedly)*

MISS SMYTHE. (*From top of steps*) Princess, His Majesty wishes to see you alone, I rushed to tell you that—ah! (*She curtseys*)

(*The KING appears at the head of the steps and comes down L. He is a relic of a roué with refinement of manner and subtle charm, the sequel of hard living in men of aristocratic mold.*)

KING. Ah, Irma, my dear child, and how are we to-day?

PRINCESS. (*R. c. Curtseys and looks toward summer house*) Very well, and very glad to see your Majesty.

KING. (*L. c.*) H'm, let me see—(*Looks closely at her*) Yes—yes—blooming—positively blooming. (*He bends down and she kisses him on the cheek*) M. De Witz has presented my letter?

PRINCESS. (*R. c.*) Yes.

KING. (*c.*) And you have no inkling of the purport of my visit?

PRINCESS. None.

KING. That is as it should be—(*Swings to L. c.*) That is as it should be—(*Sees MISS SMYTHE who is still on top of steps*) Thank you, mademoiselle. (*MISS SMYTHE exits L.*) And now, my dear, in the first place—let us sit down. (*He crosses to bench L. and sits down-stage—PRINCESS then sits above him*) Ah, well, now, what have I come for? Confess you are curious.

PRINCESS. Yes.

KING. That's right, that's right. I want, my dear child, to prepare you for an event, an event that will change the whole of your future.

PRINCESS. (*Rising*) Mine?



KING. Yours—and even more, the future of Borrovina. The future of Borrovina, my child I need hardly say, is a matter of growing anxiety. We have always been poor—at this moment we are poorer. There are signs that we may have to face a shortage of money positively unexampled in history.

PRINCESS. Still we can face it—we're used to it.

KING. Perhaps you are right.

PRINCESS. And is it money that makes people really happy?

KING. I can't speak from personal experience, my dear. But I believe there is a general impression to that effect. But money, or rather the want of it, is not our only, nor even our greatest anxiety. There is one of which you know little—the intrigues of the rival house of Halberstadt. We live, my dear, in continual dread of revolution—the ceaseless activity of Prince Vladimir has probably never troubled you—but——

PRINCESS. (*She is standing in front of him*) Prince Vladimir! But I hate him—I hate him! I was brought up to hate him. I remember my nurses would say, "Take care, or the Halberstadt will come and eat you." And then the dreadful stories the good nuns used to tell me—they said I ought to hate him.

KING. Ah, yes, yes—that is—eh—very awkward—very, very awkward. Everything is changed now, my dear. We have suddenly ceased hating; Prince Vladimir and I are friends——

PRINCESS. Friends?

KING. The best of friends. (*He takes her hand and she kneels*) And you must be friends—very, very good friends—you really mustn't hate him, my dear—because you are going to be Prince Vladimir's wife.

PRINCESS. I? (*Rises*) But is isn't possible.

KING. In diplomacy everything is possible. A treaty, my dear, a treaty signed to-day, between the house of Oberitch and the house of Halberstadt—after spending a century at each other's throats, we are now weeping on each other's bosoms—it is an entente cordiale.

PRINCESS. It is ridiculous—I—I am to be married to a man I hate?

KING. I am afraid that things rather point that way, my dear——

PRINCESS. Whom I have been taught to hate—because he's the enemy——

KING. (*Rises and goes to her at c.*) Can you conceive a more truly Christian revenge than to marry him?

PRINCESS. But I don't want to marry him—it's horrible—I don't want to marry anybody. (*Moves to R. C.*)

KING. You inherit that—(*Rises*) from me—I never wanted to marry. But I did it as a duty, yet Heaven unaccountably refused to reward my self-sacrifice with sons. (*Coming to her c.*) It is your turn now, my dear, as a duty. You are in a position to render your country a tremendous service. This treaty is a great gain for Borrovina. It means an end of revolution—peace—security—the succession to the throne guaranteed forever to Prince Vladimir and his heirs—your heirs—my heirs.

PRINCESS. (*Sobbing*) Why, why couldn't I have been married to someone I could love?

KING. The price of royalty, my dear. The seat of our affections is not in the heart, but the foreign office. Come, come, you mustn't cry—the Prince and the Chancellor will be here at any moment. Do not let them find you in tears. There, there, there—remember this marriage isn't forced on us. We do it proudly, willingly, royally. (*She draws herself up*) That's right—that's brave!

(PRINCE VLADIMIR *enters preceded by GENERAL HOHENLOE and followed by ADAMOVIC and the CHANCELLOR, COUNT IVAN. The GENERAL comes down the stage and salutes the KING. IVAN allows the PRINCE to pass him and then comes down the steps to the L. C. The KING is up R., the PRINCE C. and the PRINCESS R. C.*)

GENERAL. (*Speaks as he comes down*) His Highness, Prince Vladimir Halberstadt.

KING. (U. R. C.) Ah, Prince, you enjoyed your drive, eh?

PRINCE. (C.) It took plenty of time. Your Majesty's horses are not exactly fast.

ADAMOVIC. (U. L.) The impatience of a lover, sire. (*Goes to PRINCE*) Tact, tact, your Highness, more tact, I beg of you.

KING. Yes. Irma, let me present to you his Highness, Prince Vladimir Peter Paul Bojidar Halberstadt. (*Turns to PRINCE*) Her Royal Highness, the Princess Irma Augusta Elizabeth of Borrovina. (*Crosses L. C. The PRINCE comes to PRINCESS, kneels and kisses her hand—then rises*)

PRINCE. The diplomatists have settled it that we are to be married. If you are willing—so am I. What more need we say? (*Crosses to KING. GENERAL and ADAMOVIC step down and bow to PRINCESS*) The Princess is quite fair but small, your Majesty. You Oberitches are a race of little people.

KING. H'm! So was Napoleon, so was Julius Cæsar, so *are* the Japanese.

ADAMOVIC. (*Behind the PRINCE*) Your Highness, tact, tact, more tact, I beg of you.

PRINCE. General, I shall inspect the Army tomorrow.

GENEARL. (*Saluting*) Highly honored, Highness..

KING. (*To IVAN who is down L. in front of bench*) Frankly, he is impossible. We have swallowed fifteen insults since lunch.

(*During this action and the next few lines the GENERAL and ADAMOVIC congratulate the PRINCESS. PRINCE moves up c. and talks to the GENERAL.*)

DE WITZ. (*Enters L. 2. To KING down L., back of bench*) I crave your pardon, sire, but your Majesty is due at the Town Hall in twenty minutes.

KING. H'm! yes, yes. (*To PRINCE*) Prince, I fear our arrangements take us back to the Capital. You will bid her Royal Highness au revoir, until the formal betrothal to-night.

(*PRINCE kisses PRINCESS' hand. KING with IVAN L., others are up c. in a group. As the PRINCE bends over the PRINCESS' hand HAWTHORNE looks out from behind the summer house and the PRINCE sees him—he looks behind the house. He looks at the PRINCESS and withdraws to the group up c.*)

IVAN. (*L. of KING*) Remember, sire, economy.

KING. (*L. c. DE WITZ down c.*) Am I apt to forget it? Ah! although full ceremonial will be observed at the reception to-night, there will be no supper. The court circles in Borrovina eat at home—pray make your arrangements accordingly. (*Crosses to PRINCESS. DE WITZ to IVAN L. of dial*) To-night, my dear, you will make your first appearance at court. Eat a good dinner so that you may go through the trying ordeal with the spirit and dignity of your race. (*She kisses him on the cheek*) Prince! (*The KING and PRINCE exit L. 2nd, followed by all the others, IVAN and DE WITZ bow,*

then go L. 2. ADAMOVIC salutes and follows others L. 2nd. The PRINCESS remains where she was. HAWTHORNE enters at R. and kneels at the feet of the PRINCESS as the last of the officers depart)

PRINCESS. (c.) You heard? (HAWTHORNE nods yes) Can you forgive me for not telling who I was? Can you?

HAWTHORNE. May Carlo speak?

PRINCESS. Don't make fun of me.

HAWTHORNE. (*Rises*) Make fun of you. Why, Princess, I'd as soon think of making fun of the angels in Heaven. Have you ever seen that—that—Prince before?

PRINCESS. Never.

HAWTHORNE. And your father calmly tells you, you are engaged to marry him after you've said you hate him? Why, the thing's preposterous—barbaric! Such a thing could never happen in America.

PRINCESS. (*By dial*) Who are you? What is your rank in America?

HAWTHORNE. (c.) My name is Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne—only those three—and I'm an American citizen.

PRINCESS. An ordinary citizen?

HAWTHORNE. No, not an ordinary citizen—an American citizen in love with a Royal Princess.

PRINCESS. In Borrovina a citizen wouldn't dare fall in love with a Princess.

HAWTHORNE. I didn't fall in love with a Princess—I fell in love with a little girl in a garden, and I'm not going to have her throw her chance of happiness away by marrying a man she hates.

PRINCESS. But I must marry Prince Vladimir. It's for the good of my country.

HAWTHORNE. To blazes with the country. (*PRINCESS is offended*) I wouldn't say anything to hurt you for the whole earth, but your little finger is worth more than a dozen joke countries like this.

PRINCESS. How can you speak of my country in such a way? The country I love beyond anything. This is my first opportunity to serve it and I mustn't fail. If you have meant what you said, prove it by not making it harder for me.

HAWTHORNE. Making it harder for you? Why, Princess, I'd give my life to help you—I love you.

PRINCESS. You mustn't—it would be hopeless. Even if I were free, I could never be anything to a citizen. The law of our existence forbids it. There's one thing you can do for me: say "Good-bye."  
(*She goes to steps L.*)

(HAWTHORNE *follows her—with a new idea.*)

HAWTHORNE. But I'm sure I could do something if you'd let me try. (*She goes up a few steps. He goes up, too*) Why do you say it makes it harder for you?

PRINCESS. Will you go away and not see me again if I tell you?

HAWTHORNE. If that is your wish—yes.

PRINCESS. You can't help me because I have decided what I must do—and you make it harder for me—because I love you.

HAWTHORNE. (*Steps toward her as if to take her in his arms*) Princess!

PRINCESS. Remember your promise—(*She goes up steps and off L.*)

(HAWTHORNE *slowly turns and goes L. and stands a moment in thought, then goes up C. and leaps over the wall.*)

*Curtain*



## ACT II

SCENE: *A large room in the Casino in Oberon, used as a hotel. Down R. is a desk with chair behind it and small register on desk. Behind the desk is small key-board with keys and pigeon holes for mail. Stairway at R. leading to bedrooms above. Entrance from street is L. 2nd,—double doors. Door up R., under the stairway, leading to coffee room. Large opening in the rear leading to balcony which is up three steps from stage. The steps are same width as opening. The back drop shows the town of Oberon with its old and dilapidated buildings. The room is high ceilinged and bare, excepting a table c., couch up L., and several chairs about the room.*

AT RISE: M. FREDERICK seated R. of desk R. is discovered making out a bill. A band is playing a march in the distance accompanied by cheers. While the band is playing, the newspaper REPORTER enters hurriedly L.

REPORTER. (*Goes to FREDERICK*) M. Frederick, I want you to give me some information. It's very important to me.

FREDERICK. Well?

REPORTER. Is there a Mr. Hawthorne stopping here?

FREDERICK. Yes, Mr. Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne—I am making up his account now.

REPORTER. When did he come?

FREDERICK. A week ago. He and his friend Mr. Blake.

REPORTER. You don't mean those two Americans?

FREDERICK. Yes——

REPORTER. So Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne has

been stopping at the capital over a week and I did not know it. (*Takes stage to c.*)

FREDERICK. You speak as if you were acquainted with Mr. Hawthorne.

REPORTER. (c.) We printed two stories about him—didn't you see them?

FREDERICK. I have seen nothing—I never read your papers. What were the stories about?

REPORTER. About his breaking the bank at Monte Carlo—(FREDERICK *looks up*) the most phenomenal run of luck known there in years. He's one of America's big millionaires.

FREDERICK. Mr. Hawthorne a millionaire?

REPORTER. Many times over—according to the news reports. (FREDERICK *tears up bill he has been making out and begins another one*) I'll have a great account of him in to-night's paper. He was here under an assumed name, you say?

FREDERICK. Don't publish that—you may get me into trouble.

REPORTER. (*Looking over register, and copying a few names hurriedly*) Oh, I'll keep you out of it. And this Senator Ballard and his daughter—are they friends of Mr. Hawthorne?

FREDERICK. Evidently. Mr. Blake telegraphed them to Paris—he advised them to come here so that Senator Ballard might take the waters. He suffers from rheumatism, I believe.

REPORTER. (*Laughing*) Much good those waters will do him. (*Crosses to c.*)

FREDERICK. (*Rises and goes to him*) Such talk is no help for my business—these springs are good enough, remember that.

REPORTER. Then why don't people come here?

FREDERICK. Why should they come? This country is in such a forlorn, demoralized condition that a tourist's first thought, after seeing it, is to get away.



REPORTER. Well, cheer up, M. Frederick, times may improve.

FREDERICK. So I thought years ago when I leased this Casino and made of it an hotel—but long since I gave up all hope of improvement. There is no chance under the present government. (*Crosses back to desk. The boom of a cannon and a march played by a band is heard in the distance. REPORTER goes out on balcony. FREDERICK returns to the desk and writes.*) There—now they are saluting the cause of all our trouble.

REPORTER. What do you mean?

FREDERICK. The King.

REPORTER. That's not the King: it's for Prince Vladimir. He's reviewing the troops at the fort. It's the King's birthday and yet it is the Prince who is the center of attraction.

FREDERICK. And is the King not there?

REPORTER. No, the royal birthday party will come along later. Poor Augustus! (*REPORTER comes down to desk*)

FREDERICK. Poor Augustus? Poor citizens—poor Frederick—Ugh! I've no sympathy for him.

REPORTER. That's almost the tone of a revolutionist.

FREDERICK. And if it is—who can blame me? The condition of things—(*HAWTHORNE enters top of stairs R. and comes down. REPORTER signals to FREDERICK not to speak. He wears a sack suit and carries a suit-case and motor-coat over his arm. Puts suit-case L. of desk. FREDERICK rises*) Is your excellency ready to leave?

HAWTHORNE. (*L. and near desk*) Excellence? No my excellence isn't going until after lunch. Where's my excellence's bill?

FREDERICK. (*Behind desk R.*) I am preparing it now.

(REPORTER *is up above table watching* HAWTHORNE.)

HAWTHORNE. Why, is it an all-day job?

FREDERICK. There are even more items than I imagined.

HAWTHORNE. (*Starts up c.*) Well, don't let your imagination run away with you. (*Returns to desk*) And I want luncheon for four at two o'clock. The best you can dig up—order it yourself and go as far as you like.

FREDERICK. (*Starts for door U. R.*) I shall see to it at once, excellency.

HAWTHORNE. That's right.

(FREDERICK *exits up R. as* REPORTER *comes L. of* HAWTHORNE.)

REPORTER. Pardon, Mr. Hawthorne.

HAWTHORNE. (*L. near desk*) Well?

REPORTER. (*R. of HAWTHORNE*) May I beg of your excellence the favor of an interview?

HAWTHORNE. What about?

REPORTER. I'll take anything your excellence will give me.

HAWTHORNE. (*Feeling in his pocket*) A Borrovinian touch!

REPORTER. It will be of great interest to our readers. It is not often we have a great capitalist in our city.

HAWTHORNE. Oh, you're a newspaper reporter?

REPORTER. (*With great pride*) I represent the Borrovinian Scimitar.

HAWTHORNE. Well, think of that!

REPORTER. If your excellence would tell me how you acquired your great fortune?

HAWTHORNE. (*Sits on desk R.*) My great fortune! I'll tell you a funny thing about that—you

may not believe it, but it's true—I worked harder to get my first million than I have for all the rest of my fortune put together.

REPORTER. (*Thunderstruck*) Really?

HAWTHORNE. The secret is not to spend all you earn. Even if I make less than a hundred thousand a day I manage to save something out of it—and—er—let it accumulate—get together—see?

REPORTER. (*Thunderstruck*) Yes, I see. And now what is your excellence's opinion of Borrovina?

HAWTHORNE. Do you want me to tell you?

REPORTER. If you'll be good enough?

HAWTHORNE. Out loud?

REPORTER. Certainly.

HAWTHORNE. Why, I think—that Borrovina is—you're going to publish this? (REPORTER *nods*) I think that Borrovina is very cute. I don't see how you find anything to write about.

REPORTER. At present Prince Vladimir is keeping us busy.

HAWTHORNE. Is he? What is he doing? (*Goes toward* REPORTER)

REPORTER. He is making himself very popular—

HAWTHORNE. At the expense of the King. Oh, I see—the people blame the King for the bad condition of the country—is that it?

REPORTER. The Prince is promising to bring about a change.

HAWTHORNE. How can he bring about a change? He's not a king.

REPORTER. No, but——

HAWTHORNE. But—you mean, the people would welcome a change and——

REPORTER. And the Prince listens to the voice of the people.

HAWTHORNE. What does the voice of the people say? Come on, you can tell me—etc. (*Ad lib.*)

REPORTER. The voice of the people, excellence,

is stifled to murmurs—murmurs not loud enough to be heard by those in power—but at any moment they are likely to grow into cries of protest.

HAWTHORNE. And then what would be the outcome?

REPORTER. I cannot say. (KATE BALLARD and BLAKE enter L. KATE is an American girl with an independent manner. She is about twenty-two. BLAKE precedes her, opening the door for her. KATE crosses to c., leaving BLAKE L. C. HAWTHORNE R. C. REPORTER below desk)

BLAKE. Here's Tony now.

HAWTHORNE. (To REPORTER) Pardon me a moment. (REPORTER goes R. a little. HAWTHORNE crosses him L.) Hello—enjoy your walk?

BLAKE. We've been on the terrace watching the review.

HAWTHORNE. Oh!

BLAKE. Kate wants to talk to you about that telegram, Tony—I'll go up——

KATE. I want to talk to both of you.

HAWTHORNE. (To REPORTER) Excuse me a minute—I want to talk to Miss Ballard, Senator Ballard's daughter. I'd like to have a chat with you later.

REPORTER. I'll go below, excellence. (Goes up and exits R. HAWTHORNE turns to KATE)

KATE. Now, can't we have this mystery cleared up?

HAWTHORNE. (R. C.) What mystery?

KATE. (To HAWTHORNE) Do you know where father is?

HAWTHORNE. (To BLAKE) Do you know where father is?

RODNEY. (L. C.) No.

KATE. (C., in front of table) Rod hasn't seen him—have you?

HAWTHORNE. (R. C.) Why—er—no.

KATE. Why are you both avoiding him?

HAWTHORNE. (*With a little laugh*) Why—what makes you think——?

KATE. I know you are. First I get that frantic wire from Rod. I tell father he mustn't think of going anywhere else—we've simply got to come here—no other springs compare with these for rheumatism. I change all our plans—think we're coming to a paradise—get to this awful place and find you boys afraid to see father and about to leave. Now I want to know what it all means. (*She sits on edge of table*)

(RODNEY and HAWTHORNE eye each other.)

BLAKE. Yes, Tony, tell her about that wire.

HAWTHORNE. What wire?

BLAKE. The wire you sent.

HAWTHORNE. You sent——

BLAKE. But you dictated it.

HAWTHORNE. You signed it.

BLAKE. Well?

HAWTHORNE. Well?

KATE. Well what?

HAWTHORNE. Well, you see Kate, Rod sent that message—er—impulsively—(BLAKE goes up L.) You know. He knew that you and your father were were in Paris and was so anxious to see you—

KATE. Oh, no—that excuse won't go. It doesn't take any longer to go from here to Paris than it does from Paris here.

BLAKE. (*Coming down L.*) But Tony wouldn't leave here.

KATE. (c.) Oh, Tony wouldn't leave—why?

BLAKE. (L. c.) He's taken a sudden interest in—(HAWTHORNE looks at him) Botany.

KATE. Botany?

BLAKE. Well, some sort of garden work. I didn't like to leave him and it wasn't until after

I'd sent you that wire that I found these springs were no good.

HAWTHORNE. Bonehead!

KATE. (*Rises and goes to BLAKE*) Do you mean to tell me these springs are—(*Turns back to HAWTHORNE*) No wonder you haven't seen father.

HAWTHORNE. (R. c.) Oh, I'll explain it to the Senator, all right.

KATE. (c.) I should like to know how.

HAWTHORNE. I'll tell him we didn't realize how bad the accommodations were when we asked him to come and we'll all get away before he finds the waters won't do him any good.

KATE. If you think you can fool father like that you're greatly mistaken. You'd better tell him the truth. He'll be perfectly furious. (*Goes R.*)

BLAKE. (*To HAWTHORNE*) Nice mess you got us into. (*Goes up L.*)

(SENATOR BALLARD *enters L. with a thermos bottle in his hand and a slight limp in his foot. They all try to run away as SENATOR enters. KATE goes up-stairs—HAWTHORNE goes up R. and BLAKE up steps C. SENATOR sees BLAKE and goes to him, greeting him heartily.*)

SENATOR. Why, hello, Rodney! I've been looking all over the place for you—you look fine—trip's done you good. (*Crosses to HAWTHORNE. Comes c.*) And hello, Tony. Bless your heart—where have you been keeping yourselves—why didn't you look me up?

HAWTHORNE. (R. c.) You got ahead of us at breakfast.

SENATOR. (BLAKE L. c., SENATOR c., HAWTHORNE R. c., KATE *down R.*) Come here, you fellows. Say, I want to tell you something about this place—

HAWTHORNE. Now, Senator—we know all about this place. It's wonderful how different a thing seems when you look at it one way to what it seems when you look at it in another— isn't it, Rod?

SENATOR. What are you driving at?

HAWTHORNE. Oh, our getting you and Kate to come here—we see now that it was a mistake—but we——

SENATOR. No, it wasn't a mistake. I'd got to a worse place than this to get the benefit of these springs. (*He looks from RODNEY to HAWTHORNE, and they each straighten up*) I'm actually feeling better already. I haven't been so free from rheumatism in ten years as I am this minute. I'm going to send some of this water away for analysis—it's a shame more people don't know about it. This poor idiot has a gold mine here if he'd manage it properly. (*He turns to BLAKE who has been laughing, but immediately sobers up*)

BLAKE. (*Comes to SENATOR*) He's giving it up shortly—the Casino is government property.

SENATOR. Then why doesn't the government do something with it?

BLAKE. I suppose it hasn't any faith. You see, nobody around here thinks these waters are any good.

(*HAWTHORNE goes up-stage, disgusted.*)

SENATOR. Is that so? Then how did you happen to find out they were so wonderful?

BLAKE. Eh?

SENATOR. You said in your telegram these were the best springs in the world.

BLAKE. (L. C.) Yes, sir.

SENATOR. (C.) How did you come by that knowledge?

BLAKE. I tasted them.

SENATOR. I didn't know you had rheumatism.



BLAKE. I haven't, but one mouthful of that water convinced me that nature had intended it for something worse than a thirst. (*Goes L.*)

SENATOR. I'm beginning to think I've been the victim of a conspiracy.

BLAKE. (*Comes back to L. of SENATOR*) Ah, but you say the waters are helping you, Senator.

HAWTHORNE. (*Comes down R. of SENATOR*) The waters are helping you, Senator.

SENATOR. It's a damn fortunate thing for you they are. I'm feeling so much better that I've decided to give them a thorough trial. I shall stay here a month at least.

KATE. Then I'll attend to unpacking. (*Starts for stairs R.*)

BLAKE. I'll help you, Kate.

(*KATE and RODNEY go upstairs and exit. HAWTHORNE starts off R.*)

HAWTHORNE. I'll go, too.

SENATOR. Say, Tony, come here. (*HAWTHORNE returns R.*) Is it true you were gambling at Monte Carlo?

HAWTHORNE. Yes—that's true.

SENATOR. Bad thing—gambling.

HAWTHORNE. Usually—but I won.

SENATOR. H'm. How much?

HAWTHORNE. A bundle.

SENATOR. Ten thousand dollars?

HAWTHORNE. More than ten times that.

SENATOR. Good God! And got away from Monte Carlo with it?

HAWTHORNE. Yes—got it with me—right here.

SENATOR. Where?

HAWTHORNE. (*Indicates suit-case*) In there—

SENATOR. In—in there? Do you mean to tell me—you—have—a hundred thousand dollars in that bag?

HAWTHORNE. Yes.

(SENATOR goes up to chair R. of table and sits. He wipes his face with his handkerchief.)

SENATOR. Why didn't you deposit it in a bank?

HAWTHORNE. Here in a Borrovinian bank? I'll deposit it when I get to Paris. (*Crosses L.*)

SENATOR. And then what will you do with it?

HAWTHORNE. (*Faces SENATOR*) Oh, I don't know—blow it, I suppose.

SENATOR. Blow it—I didn't think you were as big a fool as that.

HAWTHORNE. Senator, I'm a bigger fool than that and I only found it out the other day. (*Sits L. c.*)

SENATOR. (*Sits L. of table*) Tony, do you realize that fate has thrown a fortune into your lap—that this money is enough to take care of you as long as you live?

HAWTHORNE. I've always had enough to live on.

SENATOR. Enough for a dozen to live on—and spent it as fast as you got it. At present you are out of a position——

HAWTHORNE. That's because the other party was elected, but I'll find a job when I get back. I've no one to look after but myself and——

SENATOR. But you will have when you marry.

HAWTHORNE. (*Gravely*) I shan't marry.

SENATOR. I said that once.

(*March music heard off.*)

HAWTHORNE. You see, Senator, this isn't real money. I didn't earn it and half of it belongs to Rod—but he won't take it so I thought we'd spend it together.

(*Voices of people heard up-stage under the balcony.*)

KATE and RODNEY come quickly downstairs R.)

KATE. The Prince and a lot of officers are coming into the Casino. Come and see him, father.

SENATOR. Come along—let's see what he's like. (*He follows KATE out on the balcony*)

BLAKE. (*Goes to HAWTHORNE L. C.*) Well, can you beat that for luck—after all our worrying he thinks the waters are great!

HAWTHORNE. (L.) Shows what imagination will do.

BLAKE. (L. C.) Well, you might as well have your things unpacked—we're here for a month.

HAWTHORNE. I'm not. (*Crossing R.*) I'm going this afternoon.

(BLAKE *follows him.*)

BLAKE. By Jove, Kate was right—there is something the matter with you. Tell me the truth—is it about that girl in the garden?

HAWTHORNE. (R. *Looks at BLAKE*) Yes, that's it.

BLAKE. (L. *of HAWTHORNE*) What's the trouble? Has another gardener jumped over the wall?

HAWTHORNE. I'm afraid there has.

BLAKE. Cut him out.

HAWTHORNE. Can't be done, Rod.

BLAKE. Don't tell me—I know your work.

HAWTHORNE. It doesn't go here.

BLAKE. Who is she?

HAWTHORNE. I suppose you might as well know—it's her Royal Highness, Princess Irma.

BLAKE. (*Loudly*) The Princess Irma!

(*Voices.*)

HAWTHORNE. Sh!

BLAKE. I see—that's tough. (BLAKE *goes up L.*  
HAWTHORNE *down L.*)

(KATE comes down L. of desk—SENATOR comes from balcony. FREDERICK enters R.)

SENATOR. (*Comes into room up L. c.*) The Prince seems to be a great admirer of himself.

FREDERICK. (*Comes down back of desk*) Should you wish to see the King—his Majesty and the Princess are coming up the avenue in the Royal Carriage—they will pass here presently.

KATE. Oh, splendid! Send up to my room and get my kodak—it's on the bureau, I think—please hurry. (*Goes up to balcony*)

FREDERICK. I'll go myself, mademoiselle. (*He goes up the stairs R. SENATOR goes to balcony. During this action distant mingled boohs and cheers are heard—and grow louder to indicate the passing of a carriage in the street*)

SENATOR. (*SENATOR is R. KATE is C. on balcony*) Here they come, Kate.

(*They face R.*)

KATE. Come on, boys. (*She joins the SENATOR*)

BLAKE. Don't you want to see her again, Tony?

HAWTHORNE. I'd better not.

(*BLAKE joins KATE and SENATOR on the balcony.*)

SENATOR. What's the matter with the crowd—why don't they cheer? Hip—hip hurray—

(*KATE and RODNEY join in the cheer as does the crowd below.*)

KATE. Oh, isn't the Princess a beauty?

BLAKE. I should say she is. (*Comes down to HAWTHORNE*) No wonder you lingered—all is forgiven. (*Goes up again to balcony*)

SENATOR. The King doesn't appear to be very popular.

(FREDERICK comes down with camera.)

KATE. See, the Princess is looking up here—  
(HAWTHORNE joins them on the balcony) Oh, dear,  
why doesn't he come with my camera?

(FREDERICK comes down the stairs R. quickly with  
the camera. The noise outside grows louder.  
RODNEY waves his hand which is cue for shots.  
Two shots are heard, followed by screams.  
KATE yells and BLAKE takes her into the room  
and she crouches down up R. HAWTHORNE  
leaps over the balcony. The SENATOR runs into  
the room to see if KATE is all right. FREDERICK  
runs down L.)

FREDERICK. Mon Dieu! They have shot his  
Majesty! They have killed the King! (He rushes  
off L.)

BLAKE. Are you all right?

KATE. Yes, Rod, what is it?

BLAKE. Someone took a shot at the King.

SENATOR. Where's Tony?

(BLAKE rushes to the balcony, looks down and then  
starts to climb over. He is followed by KATE  
and the SENATOR.)

BLAKE. Great Scott! He's in the midst of it.

SENATOR. (SENATOR and KATE take hold of him  
as he starts to jump over) Keep back, Rodney.

BLAKE. (On the rail) But Tony is in some  
kind of a mix-up.

KATE. Rod, Rod—don't you dare leave——

BLAKE. But, Tony.

SENATOR. He'll take care of himself. That boy  
lives on trouble.

KATE. Look—they're coming in here with the  
Princess. (Comes into the room) Get some  
brandy, father, quick—and I'll get my smelling salts.

(*She goes upstairs R. SENATOR follows her R. to stairs*)

SENATOR. I haven't got any brandy.

BLAKE. I'll get some—I want to see what's happened to Tony. (*Exits L.*)

SENATOR. (*Following BLAKE to door L.*) If you find Tony you'll forget all about it. Here, landlord, what's your name—This is a hell of a place to come to for rest and quiet. (*Exits up R. taking his thermos bottle. FREDERICK enters L. with three life guards carrying the PRINCESS and one other guard who helps FREDERICK carry the couch down c. KATE runs downstairs with cushions and smelling salts and takes charge of affairs*)

KATE. Draw that couch over here.

FREDERICK. Yes, mademoiselle. (*FREDERICK and OFFICER put couch c. OFFICERS place PRINCESS on couch*)

KATE. Is she hurt?

OFFICER. No, mademoiselle—she has only fainted.

(*KATE holds the salts to the PRINCESS's nose. To*

FREDERICK. "*Get me a fan—or a newspaper—or something.*" *Two officers stand at head—two at foot.*)

FREDERICK. (*Gets newspaper from desk—KATE is behind couch*) Will this answer, mademoiselle?

KATE. Thank you. (*She fans the PRINCESS who revives slowly. FREDERICK exits up R.*)

OFFICER. (*L. To Guard*) Report to his Majesty that her Royal Highness has revived.

(*Guard salutes and exits L.*)

PRINCESS. What place is this?

KATE. (*KATE is behind sofa above PRINCESS*) Why, this is the hotel—over the Casino, you know.

PRINCESS. (*Sits up suddenly and looks about*) Where's my father?

OFFICER. (*Is at L. end of couch*) His Majesty is unhurt, your Royal Highness. The Chancellor and the Minister of Police are with him—he will be here presently. I am in attendance if there is anything your Royal Highness requires.

(PRINCESS *sinks back on couch.*)

PRINCESS. His Majesty has sent this lady to me?

KATE. No, your Royal Highness—I just happened to be here. I am stopping at the Casino, you see, and as there was nothing but men around, I took the liberty of——

PRINCESS. You are very good.

KATE. Oh, don't speak of it. If I can be of any assistance I shall be very glad. Is there anything your Highness would like?

PRINCESS. Thank you, no. I feel quite all right now that I know my father is safe. I never fainted before in my life—it was all so horrible.

KATE. There, try not to think about it.

(OFFICER C., *places a guard.*)

PRINCESS. May I know whom I'm to thank for all her kindness?

KATE. My name is Katherine Ballard and I'm an American.

PRINCESS. (*Suddenly lets her hand drop into her lap*) American! Oh, yes—you were on the balcony.

KATE. Yes—and you were looking up at us just as they sho—(*She stops*) I mean you were looking up at us.

PRINCESS. (*Looking about*) I—er—I thought there was someone with you.



KATE. Yes—my father and two friends.

PRINCESS. (*Shyly*) American friends?

KATE. Oh, yes—Mr. Blake and Mr. Hawthorne.

PRINCESS. Mr. Hawthorne! I've heard of Mr. Hawthorne.

KATE. Really? Tony never goes anywhere without being heard of.

PRINCESS. (*Slowly*) His name is Tony?

KATE. That's a pet name, you know.

(PRINCESS *sits up*. BLAKE *enters from L. and SENATOR from R. They both carry a bottle of brandy. Guards step in front of each blocking their way.*)

BLAKE. Here's the brandy, Kate. }  
SENATOR. I've got it at last. } (*Together*)

(*Two officers on either side of SENATOR and BLAKE block the way.*)

KATE. (*Still back of sofa*) I don't think we want it now.

PRINCESS. You may present your friends, Miss Ballard.

KATE. (*Moves to R. of sofa*) Oh, may I? My father, Senator Ballard, your Royal Highness.

SENATOR. (*As he bows he notices he has bottle, which he quickly hides. He retires up C. Guards step back*) Honored!

KATE. (R.) Mr. Rodney Blake. (L. C.)

(BLAKE *comes down and bows awkwardly and HAWTHORNE and the REPORTER enter L.*)

HAWTHORNE. (L. of BLAKE) Say Rod—this fellow here—(*Sees the PRINCESS*) I beg your pardon.

KATE. (*On sofa*) This is Mr. Hawthorne, your Royal Highness.

(HAWTHORNE *crosses to L. of PRINCESS and kneels on one knee. The PRINCESS is about to extend her hand but decides not to do so.*)

PRINCESS. You have come from the street, Mr. Hawthorne?

HAWTHORNE. Yes.

PRINCESS. I have heard no particulars of——

HAWTHORNE. (*Kneeling*) Everything is all right now, your Highness. They've caught the chap who caused the trouble. You mustn't be exposed to such dangers again.

PRINCESS. Oh, such scenes are most unusual in Borrovina. I am sorry you should have witnessed it.

(OFFICER *who has ben at door L. steps down.*)

OFFICER. His Majesty! (*Then stands above door L.*)

(HAWTHORNE and REPORTER *go up on balcony.*

KING *enters preceded by two guards and followed by Ivan. The other guards salute. The KING stops when he is well in the room and looks about. He sees the PRINCESS and goes to her L. IVAN goes up R.*)

KING. (PRINCESS *risés*) Irma, my child, are you safe?

PRINCESS. Oh, yes. This American lady—and her friends have been very kind.

KING. (*Turns and looks up*) We thank you.

(SENATOR *goes to door L., snaps his fingers at RODNEY, who joins him. They stand facing the KING.*)

SENATOR. With your Majesty's permission we will withdraw. (*Nudges BLAKE*) Bow!

(*They bow low and exit.*)

PRINCESS. I congratulate your Majesty on your escape.

KING. (L. C.) Our birthday was very nearly a dual anniversary. It is necessary for you to remain here for a while before returning to the palace—there still seems to be a feeling of unrest in the streets. (*A step or two up*)

KATE. (KING stops) May I be permitted to offer your Royal Highness my apartment?

PRINCESS. (*A little surprised*) You are very kind. And if you do not mind I shall be pleased to have you come with me.

KATE. With pleasure, your Highness. (*Gets PRINCESS'S hat on the table*)

PRINCESS. If your Majesty will consent?

KING. We shall be very grateful.

(*KATE steps down for the PRINCESS to pass her and PRINCESS precedes KATE up the stairs. As they go up there is a look of recognition between HAWTHORNE, on balcony, and the PRINCESS. Guards go to positions on stairs, doors, etc.*)

KING. (*To IVAN*) It is a pity that her Highness was unattended.

IVAN. (*Coming down R.*) Her Royal Highness' Governess has been summoned, your majesty.

KING. (*To PRINCESS*) She will come for you when it is safe to leave.

(*PRINCESS and KATE bow and exit up R.*)

DE WITZ. (*DE WITZ enters hurriedly*) Sire!

(*OFFICER guards the door and draws the curtains.*)

KING. Ah, De Witz, what have you to report?

DE WITZ. My investigations thus far, Sire, convince me that it was the unaccountable act of a madman.

KING. Ah! Has Prince Vladimir been summoned?

DE WITZ. Yes, Sire, the Prince is now waiting below.

HAWTHORNE. (*Comes down L.*) Your Majesty—  
(DE WITZ *turns quickly, as guard steps between*  
HAWTHORNE *and the KING.*)

DE WITZ. It was this American gentleman, your Majesty, who first laid hands on your assailant.  
(*Moves a couple steps toward L.*)

(*Guard withdraws up L.*)

KING. Is it indeed so? We are greatly indebted to you.

(*Exit officers.*)

HAWTHORNE. That's all right, your Majesty. We were very glad to do it—but I think your Majesty's life is still in danger.

KING. Eh?

DE WITZ. Sire!      } (*Together*)  
IVAN. What!      }

HAWTHORNE. And this was only the forerunner of a plot to dethrone your Majesty.

IVAN. That is impossible.

DE WITZ. (*Down L.*) This is preposterous, Sire.

KING. One moment. (*To HAWTHORNE*) You are an American?

HAWTHORNE. Yes, your Majesty.

KING. We do not understand the cause of your apparent interest in the affairs of Borrovina.

HAWTHORNE. I can't stand by and see you—and others, tricked by a man you trust.

KING. (*Looks to IVAN and DE WITZ*) Do you refer to——

HAWTHORNE. I refer to Prince Vladimir.

(*All show relief.*)

DE WITZ. Sire, it is not possible——

KING. One moment. (*To HAWTHORNE*) Have you anything further to say? (*Sits*)

HAWTHORNE. Yes, with your Majesty's permission. (*To REPORTER who is on the balcony*) Come here. (*REPORTER comes down L. DE WITZ goes to corner of c. table*) This, your Majesty, is a reporter on the Borrovinian Scimitar. Some of my information comes from him. (*To REPORTER who is very much frightened*) Now that's all right, old man—give me that paper—go on. Don't be nervous—give me that paper—do you hear? (*REPORTER fumbles in his pocket and hands paper to HAWTHORNE*) Is it not true that his Majesty's Palace is practically unprotected—and that nearly all the life guards have been sent to—(*Refers to paper*) Mavoritz?

IVAN. (R.) They were sent there to quell a mutiny in the troops.

HAWTHORNE. (L. c. of KING) Yes—a mutiny caused by a speech made to them by Prince Vladimir. Here's a copy of it. (*Passes paper to DE WITZ*) Its publication was suppressed by the Prince. Last night the Prince attended a secret meeting of the leaders of the opposition. Their headquarters are in this hotel. This man tried to report it, but they wouldn't let him in. The Prince tried to forbid him from publishing that the meeting was held. (*To REPORTER*) Is that true?

REPORTER. (*Down L.*) Quite true, your excellency.

HAWTHORNE. That's all, and remember, not a

word of this to anybody and I'll see you don't lose by it. Now you may go. (*He takes REPORTER to door L. and closes it after REPORTER exits*)

IVAN. (R. *To* HAWTHORNE) You will perhaps be convinced that you are entirely wrong as to Prince Vladimir's intentions when I tell you that his Majesty and Prince Vladimir have signed a treaty which——

HAWTHORNE. Oh, I know all about the treaty—and I tell you it was a trick——

DE WITZ. A trick?

HAWTHORNE. To get himself into the capital where he could carry on his campaign to dethrone your Majesty. That treaty was the craziest thing I ever heard of—to force such a girl as her Royal Highness to marry that joke Prince. Why, how in God's name your Majesty could have allowed it—

(KING rises and DE WITZ and IVAN take a step forward threateningly.)

KING. We have heard enough, sir. We hope your intentions were good in taking this surprising interest in our affairs, but you have said a great deal which is impertinent—and you will withdraw. (KING goes R. C. and up-stage a little)

HAWTHORNE. (*Follows him a step*) But, I'm sure——

KING. Go!

(HAWTHORNE turns around and dashes out door L.)

DE WITZ. I will order his arrest. (*Crosses L. C.*)

KING. No, let him go. A plot—a revolution——

IVAN. Impossible, Sire.

KING. I wonder.

(PRINCE enters L. followed by ADAMOVIC. PRINCE goes to L. C., ADAMOVIC to L. He salutes the

KING *and closes doors and comes a step forward.*)

PRINCE. I was informed that your Majesty desired my immediate presence here.

KING. (*Comes to chair R. of table*) Quite so.

PRINCE. I have been waiting below for some time.

KING. (*A step down*) Ah! you were prompt.

PRINCE. (*Steps forward*) I'm not accustomed to be kept waiting.

IVAN. Prince!!!

DE WITZ. Prince!!! } (*Together*)

ADAMOVIC. Your Highness! (*PRINCE sits L. ADAMOVIC goes to KING*) May I convey to your Majesty my congratulations on your fortunate escape from—

(*KING waves his hand for ADAMOVIC to R. of him. He does and remains L. of KING.*)

KING. (*Crosses to c.*) Thank you—you—(*Sees PRINCE sitting*) Pray be seated, Prince.

(*ADAMOVIC shows alarm and quickly crosses above table to R. of PRINCE.*)

PRINCE. (*Gives grunt and crosses his legs*) Well, your Majesty sent for me, and I am here.

KING. Obviously!

PRINCE. Am I to know why I am summoned?

KING. You have no idea?

PRINCE. (*Looks at KING*) How should I have?

KING. Has your Highness happened to hear that an attempt was made recently upon our life?

PRINCE. Yes—of course I heard it.

KING. It may interest you to know that the attempt was unsuccessful. (*PRINCE turns front*) Do



you think it would have disturbed the peace of your slumbers had the assailant accomplished his purpose?

(PRINCE *springs to his feet.*)

PRINCE. What is your Majesty trying to infer?

KING. Prince, we cannot exactly attribute this recent incident to popularity, so consequently it is not altogether unnatural for us to seek the cause for the very obvious unpopularity—and we grieve to say that we can only trace the cause to your Highness.

PRINCE. Does your Majesty presume to accuse me of being a party to this affair?

KING. We think your defiance of our authority has turned the people against us.

PRINCE. (*Angrily*) What have I done?

KING. (*Calmly*) Contrary to our orders, you have just held a review of the capital garrison.

PRINCE. Real soldiers must be worked. (*Sits L.*) You can't shut them up in a box like toys when you're tired of them.

KING. Our orders were no review. (*Crosses toward PRINCE*)

PRINCE. But your Majesty is ignorant of such matters. I was brought up to soldiering.

KING. You have yet to learn the first rule of it—Obedience. (*ADAMOVIC places his hand on PRINCE'S shoulder as he is about to spring at the KING*) Also, without my consent, you have made speeches to the troops. (*To DE WITZ*)

PRINCE. Well——

KING. (*Turning to DE WITZ who is U. L. of table*) Excellency—what did his Highness say?

(*ADAMOVIC and the PRINCE confer.*)

DE WITZ. (*During reading KING crosses R. stolidly listening. Reading from the paper the re-*

*porter handed* HAWTHORNE) That the government owed the troops many months' pay—he must say he felt for them. It was a scandal that could not continue—a change must come—he would say it might come sooner than any one of them imagined.

KING. What meaning did your Highness intend to convey? What did you mean by a change might come soon?

PRINCE. Nothing. I couldn't give them money, so I gave them encouragement.

KING. Incitement!

PRINCE. (*Rising*) What!

(ADAMOVIC *tries to stop him.*)

KING. You are forbidden to hold reviews—you are forbidden to make speeches——

PRINCE. (*Rises and goes to KING*) Your Majesty's language is——

ADAMOVIC. Your Highness, I beg——

PRINCE. Hold your tongue, Adamovic. I deny your Majesty's right to give me orders. According to the treaty the claims of both houses to the throne of Borrovina are equal and valid.

IVAN. His Majesty is the lawful sovereign of Borrovina and your Highness, as heir to the throne, the first subject.

PRINCE. Subject? Good God! I'm a slave.

KING. And yet you treat us as though you imagined you were King.

PRINCE. I say the treaty has been violated.

KING. Yes, by you, Prince. And there must be an end of it—an end of it——

ADAMOVIC. Prince!

(*Together*)

PRINCE. (*In a rage*) And there shall be an end of it—I——

IVAN. Your Highness!

PRINCE. (*Stops and slowly bows*) Your Majesty shall be obeyed. (*He exits L. and ADAMOVIC bows himself off after him*)

(DE WITZ *goes to door L. Turns and watches*  
KING.)

DE WITZ. Sire!

IVAN. Your Majesty!

KING. (*Goes up L.*) A rather unfortunate birthday. Still the weather holds wonderful.

DE WITZ. Wonderful, your Majesty.

IVAN. Wonderful!

KING. Yes, one can never be quite miserable when it's not raining.

(OFFICER *enters L.*)

OFFICER. Your Majesty, the streets are quite safe now. The Royal carriage is waiting.

KING. Yes. Her Royal Highness is with the American woman. Attend her to the carriage.

(KING *exits followed by two guards. IVAN and DE WITZ and the other four guards follow.*

OFFICER *goes upstairs R. as HAWTHORNE enters up R. followed by FREDERICK. HAWTHORNE goes upstairs a few steps.*)

FREDERICK. I have found Mr. Blake, excellency.

HAWTHORNE. (*Comes to FREDERICK and shuts the door after him*) All right. Tell him to stay in the coffee-room and not come out till I call him. (*FREDERICK exits R. HAWTHORNE is about to go up the stairs as the officer comes down and stands in his way at the foot of stairs*) Hello! Are you waiting for the Princess?

OFFICER. I am.

HAWTHORNE. Well, I want to see her a moment—wait out there (*Pointing L.*) will you?

OFFICER. You wish to see her Royal Highness alone?

HAWTHORNE. Yes, that's the idea.

OFFICER. Such a thing is absolutely impossible, Monsieur.

HAWTHORNE. No, it isn't. It is the simplest thing in the world—all you have to do is to go right outside those doors—(*Pointing L.*)

OFFICER. To allow you a private interview with the Princess—Ridiculous! It would be as much as my commission is worth.

HAWTHORNE. How much is that?

OFFICER. I fail to understand you.

HAWTHORNE. I asked you how much your job was worth—how much do you get? Or how much would you get if you got it?

OFFICER. It is no secret. The salary attached to my post amounts to three hundred francs a month.

HAWTHORNE. Is that all you get? (*Takes bank-notes from his pocket*) Well, here's a month's pay in regular money. Attach that to your post and if you lose your job I'll get you a better one for the rest of your life. Hurry up and wait over there, will you?

OFFICER. (*Takes money and exits L.*) Your excellency shall be obeyed. (*He exits L.*)

(*PRINCESS enters at the top of the stairs, followed by KATE. As she comes down HAWTHORNE calls to her. HAWTHORNE motions to KATE to go back—she exits upstairs.*)

HAWTHORNE. (*Coming down R.*) Your Royal Highness. I must see you a moment—your marriage to—

(*PRINCESS crossing to C., looks about. PRINCE enters L.*)

PRINCE. His Majesty is waiting for you, Irma. (*Comes down L.*) Permit me to escort you to the carriage. (*He holds out his hand and she shrinks away a little. The PRINCE and HAWTHORNE look into each other's eyes. The PRINCESS and PRINCE exit L.*)

HAWTHORNE. (*Goes to door R.*) Rod! Rod! (*He goes to door L. and closes them as BLAKE enters R.*)

BLAKE. (*Coming down R.*) What the devil is going on here? Why did you have me shut up in the coffee-room? (*Goes up and looks out of balcony*)

HAWTHORNE. There's the devil to pay around here, Rod. I've got to do some detective work and I want you to help me.

BLAKE. (*Down R.*) Great Scott, old boy, you're all excited. Try to calm down and let me know the worst.

HAWTHORNE. (*Coming to BLAKE R.*) Rod, as sure as I've alive there's a plot on to dethrone King Augustus.

BLAKE. Dethrone him!

HAWTHORNE. Sh!

BLAKE. And do you think there's any chance of it's going through?

HAWTHORNE. I'm afraid it's a cinch!

BLAKE. (*Down R.*) Shake! (*Holds out his hand*)

HAWTHORNE. (*L. of BLAKE*) What do you mean?

BLAKE. (*This is all spoken very quickly and excitedly*) I mean the same thing you mean—if they dethrone the King the Princess goes with him—that drops the bars for you. What can we do to help it along?

HAWTHORNE. No—we've got to work with all our might to prevent it.

BLAKE. What's the idea?

HAWTHORNE. She believes in these people so—if her father were dethroned it would kill her.

BLAKE. You've certainly got it bad.

HAWTHORNE. Bad? Rod, I'm gone. She's everything—nothing else matters and it's all hopeless, utterly hopeless. I'm crazy and I know it, but she shan't marry the Prince, do you hear?

BLAKE. Well, who said she would? What are you going to do?

HAWTHORNE. Get proof of this revolution—positive proof.

BLAKE. Anything I can do?

HAWTHORNE. Yes—take this suit-case—and lock it up in your room.

BLAKE. Why—what's in it?

HAWTHORNE. The bank roll. (*Goes up L. c. and returns down R.*)

BLAKE. The bank roll? Say, Tony, you're crazy. Leaving that bag hanging around here with a fortune in it.

HAWTHORNE. (*Going up to balcony and shouting back to BLAKE*) I didn't mean to leave it here. I didn't know they were going to shoot at the King, did I?

(*Enter FREDERICK and boy. FREDERICK comes down R., and boy crosses up to sofa up L.*)

FREDERICK. (*To BLAKE who has suit-case under his arm*) One moment, Monsieur, I will call the porter.

BLAKE. No, you won't. I'll do it myself. I want the exercise. (*He runs upstairs with suit-case. FREDERICK motions to boy to take hold of L. end of sofa which they move up L.*)

HAWTHORNE. (*Coming down R. as BLAKE goes up*) Say, Rod, you fix it with the Senator. Tell Kate I haven't time for lunch.

(FREDERICK *exits* R. as ADAMOVIC *enters* L. with guard.)

GUARD. But this is a public room.

ADAMOVIC. That is why we—(*Sees* HAWTHORNE *down* R., *pauses* for a second, *then crosses* to balcony) The view of the fort from the balcony is very fine, monsieur. (ADAMOVIC *follows* him. BLAKE *from steps of balcony* watches HAWTHORNE *off* then ADAMOVIC *quickly goes* to L. D., *looks off*—calls M. FREDERICK, *who has come down* to desk—*meets* him C.—*looks* L. and R.)

(HAWTHORNE *exits*.)

ADAMOVIC. Frederick, prepare our meeting room.

FREDERICK. Meeting room?—in five minutes. (*Exit upstairs* R.)

(*Enter* PRINCE L. and *savagely crosses* to R. and *back* to L. C. L.)

ADAMOVIC. (R. C.) Good! Your Highness should calm yourself. (*Soldier is up* R. C.)

PRINCE. (L. C.) How can I be calm? You heard how I was insulted—given orders by an Oberitch—an Oberitch.

ADAMOVIC. (R. C.) It all happened for the best—now you can claim that the treaty has been broken.

PRINCE. Yes, and some heads may be broken before I'm finished. I am forbidden to make speeches, am I? We shall see.

(*Soldier goes down* to L. of C. table. *Enter* GENERAL HOHENLOE and *two officers* L.)

HOHENLOE. (L. C. *Excitedly*) Highness—(PRINCE L.) I have just received this from his Majesty. (*Hands* PRINCE the message)



PRINCE. He commands that the life guards be recalled to the capital at once—he suspects trouble—someone has been talking. (*Sits*) That accounts for his commands to me. There must be one among us who——

HOHENLOE. No, Highness, I'm sure of every man. (*Goes up behind table c.*)

ADAMOVIC. (*Enter STEINMETZ and two other men*) It is more likely that this afternoon's affair has frightened his Majesty.

PRINCE. Whatever it is, it means we must take action immediately.

(*Enter FREDERICK from stairs and STEINMETZ and three citizens L.*)

FREDERICK. (*To ADAMOVIC*) The meeting room is prepared, excellency. (*R. of ADAMOVIC*)

ADAMOVIC. Thank you—that is all. (*FREDERICK exits R., upstairs. The other men and officers are gathered about the table and elsewhere in the room*) This way, gentlemen——

(*Men start toward him.*)

HOHENLOE. Wait! Since receiving that order, I think it would be wiser if we postponed this meeting until later. (*STEINMETZ sits. HOHENLOE up c.*) Let me say this, though. We are to attack the palace at twelve o'clock to-night. His Royal Highness, Prince Vladimir, becomes King of Borrovinia. You are to see your party leaders, M. Steinmetz, and have them ready to co-operate with the army which is with us to a man. In effecting an entrance to the palace we shall demand the immediate abdication of the King——

ADAMOVIC. (*Pointing to door R.*) Sh! Yes, General, you are quite right. No one can have the

slightest doubt—(*He suddenly opens the door and HAWTHORNE slowly enters as all spring to their feet awe-stricken*)

HAWTHORNE. (*To ADAMOVIC*) Thank you. (*Crosses L. to C. GENERAL drops down R.*)

HOHENLOE. What is the meaning of this?

HAWTHORNE. (*At L. turns and looks at GENERAL*) Are you speaking to me?

(*As GENERAL is about to speak.*)

PRINCE. One moment.—I thank you gentlemen for your compliments to our troops, and I assure you that they will always be ready to protect the interests of Borrovina's citizens. I bid you good-afternoon. General, you may dismiss your officers.

(*Officers salute, citizens bow and exit L. ADAMOVIC follows to door L.*)

PRINCE. (*L. C.—to HAWTHORNE*) And now we shall attend to your case, sir.

HAWTHORNE. (*C., smoking a cigarette*) That's very kind of you.

PRINCE. (*L. C.*) Were you listening to what was said in this room just now?

HAWTHORNE. (*C.*) Why, were you saying something you were ashamed to have heard?

PRINCE. That's enough of your damned impertinence.

HAWTHORNE. Well, you'll get a lot more of it if you keep on like that.

PRINCE. Adamovic.

ADAMOVIC. Highness.

PRINCE. Summon the guard—be quick.

(*ADAMOVIC salutes at L. and exits L. shutting doors.*)

HAWTHORNE. Three to one isn't enough for you, eh?

PRINCE. Do you know to whom you are speaking?

HAWTHORNE. (c.) Well, I feel sure I am in bad company, so I'll go. (*Starts L., but PRINCE blocks his way with a chair. GENERAL is R. C. and the PRINCE between HAWTHORNE and the door L.*)

PRINCE. (L. c.) Oh—you'll not leave just yet. You shall be given time to think over your insults to me in jail.

HAWTHORNE. (c.) Say—I'm not any too fond of you—and you'll make me lose my temper in a minute. (*Comes c.*)

PRINCE. (L. c.) A lot of good that will do you—but you shall suffer for your insolence just the same.

HAWTHORNE. You'll suffer for yours first.

PRINCE. (*Kicking chair out of the way*) Damn you! Before I have you locked up I'll say this for you. I suspected when I first saw you skulking in the palace gardens why you were there, but I wasn't sure. When I saw you here with someone—a few moments ago I was convinced.

HAWTHORNE. I wouldn't say anything more about that if I were you.

PRINCE. So—I was right. You had an appointment with——

HAWTHORNE. You lie—and you know it!

PRINCE. Another insult that you shall pay for. You are a witness to what he said, General. (*GENERAL who is still down R., salutes*) I have a pretty story for the King—I'm sure he'll be pleased when he learns that you have been carrying on a clandestine affair with——

(*HAWTHORNE hits PRINCE, knocks down GENERAL R., then chair business. He drops below the table after hitting the PRINCE with his right hand. The PRINCE is knocked L. by the blow, draws his sword and makes a lunge at HAW-*

THORNE *across the table*. HAWTHORNE *swings a chair in time to catch the sword, and both chair and sword are knocked up-stage*. HAWTHORNE *leaps to table and then from the table to the PRINCE, who falls to the floor under HAWTHORNE'S weight. As GENERAL is about to draw sword, BLAKE enters R. and pulls sword from GENERAL'S hand.*)

BLAKE. Go it, Tony. I've got this one.

*Curtain*

(*Second curtain: Four life guards enter and rush toward HAWTHORNE and BLAKE—they quickly run for balcony and jump over, and life guards trying to follow fall all over themselves.*)

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ACT III

SCENE: *The KING'S Cabinet. A room furnished in Empire style, appointments old and faded. French windows R. with portière curtain. Up R. C., double doors opening from a long corridor. L. C. is fireplace, raised about a foot above the stage. R. 2 double doors leading to audience chamber.*

*L. C. is a large, flat-top desk parallel with the set. Reading lamp and a lot of papers of various kinds and sizes on the desk. Electric sconces about the room and in center is chandelier. Bookcase and cabinets, etc.*

TIME: *Evening on same day as ACT II.*

AT RISE: DE WITZ *is pacing the floor. IVAN enters*  
L.

IVAN. Any news of Hohenloe?

DE WITZ. Not a word. (OFFICER OF THE GUARDS *enters up R. C.*) Well?

OFFICER OF THE GUARDS. Two foreigners are at the gates, Excellency. They claim acquaintance with her Royal Highness and ask to convey to her an urgent message.

DE WITZ. Impossible!

(*Door L. opens and KING enters. They bow.*)

OFFICER. They were told it was impossible, Excellency, but they were most persistent. (*Sees KING*)

KING. (*At door*) I have been waiting news of the results of your investigations.

IVAN. (*R. C. Steps toward KING and glances at DE WITZ*) As yet, Sire, we have nothing to report.

KING. Nothing?

DE WITZ. (*U. C.*) Nothing, Sire.

KING. (*Crossing L. C.*) Where is General Hohenloe?

DE WITZ. (*Crossing down L.*) He—he has not arrived, your Majesty.

KING. (*L. C. near chair R. of table*) He was summoned?

DE WITZ. (*L.*) Yes, Sire. He should have been here at ten o'clock.

KING. What explanation has he sent?

DE WITZ. None, Sire.

KING. (*Sits in chair R. of table*) So—the commander of our troops has ignored our command.

DE WITZ. (*Down L.*) It appears so, Sire.

KING. And the guards have not been recalled from Mavoritz?

DE WITZ. We fear not.

KING. Then the warning of the young American this afternoon was well founded. Vladimir planning

a revolution, with General Hohenloe and the Army behind him!

(DE WITZ *shuts doors.*)

IVAN. (*Crossing to KING*) It seems almost unthinkable, Sire.

KING. (*Rises, goes to c.*) What else can explain his defiance of our commands? Hohenloe a traitor—dear, dear, dear, dear—and we parted quite friends this afternoon.

(IVAN *goes above table.*)

DE WITZ. (*Down L.*) We must find some means to discover their plans—we must—

(PRINCESS *enters R. c. and goes to KING.*)

KING. Yes—Ah, Irma, my dear, it is very late. I thought you had retired.

PRINCESS. I have been too restless, your Majesty. All the evening I have had a strange foreboding—I have felt your Majesty was in danger.

KING. There, there, there, child. You mustn't allow your imagination to play you such tricks.

PRINCESS. (*R. c.*) Then why are Count Ivan and M. De Witz still here? Why are you all in the cabinet at such an hour?

KING. (*L. c.*) Affairs of State, my dear—affairs of State. It's very late—I will send for Miss Smythe.

PRINCESS. Oh, no, she has been with me—she has been frightened, too. There has been mysterious people knocking at the gates.

KING. (*Frightened*) People at the gates—at midnight?

DE WITZ. (*Down L.*) Probably the American girl who was with her Royal Highness this afternoon and her father.

KING. What did they want?

DE WITZ. (*Down L.*) To convey a message to Her Royal Highness. (*To OFFICER OF THE GUARD*) Was not that what you said?

OFFICER. (*Comes down R. c.*) Yes, Excellency. They are still waiting.

PRINCESS. Miss Ballard here, with a message for me?

OFFICER. Yes, your Royal Highness.

PRINCESS. (*R. c.*) I beg that you let me see her, your Majesty. Something dreadful must have happened—she wouldn't come here otherwise at such an hour.

IVAN. (*L. c.*) She may bring information from the young man who talked with your Majesty this afternoon.

KING. We will receive her—let her come in here.

(*OFFICER OF THE GUARDS bows and exits R. c.*)

DE WITZ. A secret agent, Sire, is in the audience chamber. With your permission I will see him at once. (*The KING nods, crosses L. c. DE WITZ exits L.*)

(*IVAN goes to windows at R. OFFICER OF THE GUARDS enters R. c.*)

OFFICER. Miss Ballard!

(*KATE enters R. c. and bows to the KING. OFFICER exits R. c.*)

KATE. (*C.*) Your Majesty. (*To PRINCESS*) It is so good of you to see me, your Royal Highness. I can never thank you enough.

PRINCESS. (*R. c.*) I am very glad to receive you, Miss Ballard.

KING. (*L. c.*) We understand there is an im-



portant matter about which you wish to consult her Royal Highness.

KATE. (c.) Our two friends, the young men you saw to-day, have been arrested, your Royal Highness.

PRINCESS. Arrested?

KATE. Yes, they are in jail at this moment.

PRINCESS. Your Majesty——

KING. What was the cause of their arrest?

KATE. From what I learn, I'm afraid it was Tony's fault—Mr. Hawthorne, I mean.

(IVAN *shows interest at hearing HAWTHORNE'S name.*)

PRINCESS. Mr. Hawthorne?

KING. What has he done?

KATE. (c.) He had some trouble with the Prince—and there was a fight.

PRINCESS. (R. c. *Indignant*) Did Prince Vladimir strike Mr. Hawthorne?

KATE. I'm afraid it was Tony who struck the Prince.

KING. (L. c.) Ah, really?

KATE. It was reported that Mr. Hawthorne knocked him down.

KING. (L. c.) Splendid! My dear Miss Ballard, we fear this is a very serious matter.

(PRINCESS *works c. above KATE.*)

KATE. I know it is, your Majesty. I know it is very serious. My father tried for ever so long at the jail to get them out, but he couldn't do a thing. In America my father can get anybody out of jail. We did everything we could think of before coming to your Royal Highness.

PRINCESS. (c.) Do not let it alarm you, Miss

BALLARD. I am sure his Majesty will be pleased to help you, after your kindness to me to-day.

KING. Fortunately M. De Witz, the Minister of Police is in the palace now. If you can make it convenient to wait till he's free, he will let you know what is best to be done.

KATE. I am very grateful, your Majesty.

PRINCESS. May Miss Ballard wait with me until M. De Witz is disengaged?

KING. We shall be very glad to have her.

PRINCESS. Come. (*She goes out R. C.* KATE *curtsies and exits after her*)

(KING *sits.*)

IVAN. (*Coming c.*) Your Majesty, did you understand that this man who had the encounter with Prince Vladimir is named Hawthorne?

KING. (*Seated at R. of the table*) That is what the young woman said—why?

IVAN. (*c.*) It is then very likely that it was Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne who was so outspoken this afternoon.

KING. Yes, very likely.

IVAN. It is rather unfortunate that we did not know who he was at the time.

KING. Why—who is he?

IVAN. An American capitalist—a man of vast wealth and great power in the United States. There was a long account of him in this evening's newspaper.

KING. (*R. C.*) Is that so? That explains his manner this afternoon—at the time we attributed it to audacity. (*Rises, crosses R.*) De Witz must be sent to him at once.

(DE WITZ *enters excitedly and goes to KING.*)

DE WITZ. (*At door*) Your Majesty! (*Shuts*

*doors, then crosses to KING R. C.*) My agent's report is most alarming. It leaves no doubt of the existence of a widespread conspiracy in the capital.

KING. The Life Guards must be recalled at once—hurry a messenger to Mavoritz.

DE WITZ. Alas, Sire, there is no time. The conspirators plan to attack the palace to-night.

IVAN. (*Horried. R. C.*) To-night!

KING. (*Goes to window*) They will strike while we are unprotected.

IVAN. (*Goes to doors R. C. DE WITZ crosses L. of door*) We have one company still in the palace—I will post them at the gates. (*Exits R. C.*)

KING. (*At window*) Impossible! The streets are quite deserted. Cannot something be done to—

DE WITZ. (*C. L. of door near bell-cord*) Your Majesty's safety is the first consideration—it is best that you escape from the palace at once. (*Rings bell-cord up C.*)

KING. And the Princess?

DE WITZ. Her Royal Highness will accompany you—your greatest chance for safety lies in flight. (*Crossing to chair R. of table. OFFICER OF THE GUARD enters*) Convey a message to Miss Smythe. Say that his Majesty has suddenly been called away and her Royal Highness will accompany him. Tell her to prepare for this at once. (*OFFICER exits R. C. DE WITZ goes to KING*) Your Majesty can leave by the gardens—my agent will escort you secretly out of the Capital—if you can only cross the frontier—(*Crosses to window*)

KING. Flee from my country—an exile—and de-throned!

DE WITZ. Little knots of people are collecting in the square. (*KING crosses to window R.*) I beg your Majesty to prepare to go at once. (*Crosses U. L.*)

KING. (*At window*) At once, M. De Witz.

(IVAN enters R. C.)

IVAN. (*Stands in door*) The Guards have been placed at the gates.

DE WITZ. Will you make arrangements for his Majesty's immediate departure?

IVAN. Is that our only course?

DE WITZ. Is it our last resort.

(IVAN exits R. C.)

KING. (*At window*) The square is filling with people as if by magic. Crowds are swarming in from all directions—I fear it is too late to attempt an escape.

DE WITZ. No, no, Sire (*KING turns to him*) but there is no time to lose. (*Crosses to door L.*) I would suggest that your Majesty change your attire—(*Opens door L.*)

(*Enter OFFICER OF THE GUARDS R. C.*)

OFFICER. Miss Ballard, to see M. De Witz.

KING. (*Crosses to R. C.*) De Witz, two American friends of Miss Ballard had an altercation with Prince Vladimir this afternoon and are now in jail. One of them is named Hawthorne.

DE WITZ. Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne?

(*KATE enters R. C. as OFFICER exits.*)

KING. Yes. A person of great importance in his own country. We had promised Miss Ballard that you would use your good officers to set them free at once.

(*KATE R. C.*)

DE WITZ. (*L. C. above table*) Yes—yes. (*Goes to doors L. and opens them*) If I might urge that your Majesty make immediate preparations while I discuss this matter with Miss Ballard.

KING. Good-night, Miss Ballard. I hope M. De Witz can show you a way out of your difficulty. (*Exits L. DE WITZ stands above doors—then closes them*)

DE WITZ. (*Goes up above table*) In the morning, Miss Ballard, I will endeavor to do all I can to——

KATE. (*Crosses to him*) In the morning! Oh, monsieur, can nothing be done to-night?

DE WITZ. I am sorry, but circumstances of which I have just become aware make it impossible for them to be released to-night.

(HAWTHORNE enters. IVAN enters L.)

KATE. Tony, it's you!

HAWTHORNE. Splendid guess. Ordinarily I shouldn't have employed this method of calling at the Palace, but it was the only way I could get in.

IVAN. We understand, Excellency.

DE WITZ. You are most welcome, Excellency.

HAWTHORNE. They've been reading to-night's papers.

KATE. Where's Rod?

HAWTHORNE. I ran. He's on his way to the Hotel.

KATE. (C.) Father and I came here to see if anything could be done to help you.

HAWTHORNE. (R. C.) That was fine of you—we got out all right.

DE WITZ. (L. C.) How you managed to escape is——

HAWTHORNE. No trouble to break out of that jail if you have the proper implements.

DE WITZ. What implements, Excellency?

HAWTHORNE. (*Jingling some gold pieces in his hands*) These. (*DE WITZ goes to window*) First they found out who I was and then it was easy. Is the Senator still here?

KATE. Yes, he's waiting for me.

HAWTHORNE. Good! I want you to do something for me quick—it's awfully important, will you?

KATE. Why, of course.

HAWTHORNE. Thanks—(*Crosses to IVAN. DE WITZ goes to window*) Can you arrange to have Mr. Blake admitted to the palace?

IVAN. (L. C.) Certainly, Excellency.

HAWTHORNE. Then if you'll have Miss Ballard and her father escorted to the Casino at once—(*To KATE. IVAN goes to door R. C.*) And you tell Rod to hurry over here. He understands about it but tell him to be quick——

KATE. You're not getting Rod into trouble?

HAWTHORNE. Not a chance. (*Leads her to door R. C. IVAN is at R. of door. To IVAN*) Will you go with her please?

(IVAN *exits* R. C.)

DE WITZ. You have ventured here to warn us of an attack.

HAWTHORNE. (*Looks at his watch*) Yes, in about ten minutes unless they have changed their plans.

DE WITZ. So soon? (*Crosses to door L.*)

HAWTHORNE. (*At window*) Twelve o'clock is what they said. Where's the King?

DE WITZ. (*Turning suddenly*) His Majesty is dressing.

HAWTHORNE. I want to see him right away.

DE WITZ. But, Excellence——

HAWTHORNE. Tell the King I'm here, will you? (*DE WITZ exits L. HAWTHORNE looks about the room as he is alone and sees that the windows are closed and the curtains drawn, and that his revolver is loaded. He is R. of table. PRINCESS enters R. C.*)

PRINCESS. Mr. Hawthorne—(*He turns to her*) They said you were——

HAWTHORNE. In jail? I was—but I escaped.

PRINCESS. Escaped? How?

HAWTHORNE. An American method of persuasion.

PRINCESS. You are waiting for someone?

HAWTHORNE. Yes, your father.

PRINCESS. I fear that it will be impossible for him to receive you—His Majesty has suddenly been called away and I am going with him.

HAWTHORNE. His Majesty and you are going away to-night?

PRINCESS. Yes—we are leaving immediately.

HAWTHORNE. Oh, no, that would be a fatal mistake——

PRINCESS. (*Frightened*) What do you mean?

HAWTHORNE. Don't be frightened by what I said—I only meant that I think that his Majesty has been badly advised.

PRINCESS. How is it that you seem to know so much about the affairs of our country?

HAWTHORNE. I've taken a deep interest in them.

PRINCESS. You are here on business of some kind?

HAWTHORNE. Yes—on business—of some kind.

(*DE WITZ enters L.*)

DE WITZ. His Majesty, Excellency. (*KING enters L. and comes down L. to HAWTHORNE. DE WITZ shuts doors after KING. DE WITZ goes R. C.*)

HAWTHORNE. There is something of importance I should like to see you about, your Majesty.

KING. (*Crosses C.*) Unfortunately I am in great haste, Mr. Hawthorne——

HAWTHORNE. (*L. C.*) Too great, I think, your Majesty—but what I have to say won't take long.

KING. (*Crosses U. C.*) Irma, my dear, I will send for you when we are ready to go.



(DE WITZ opens doors R. C. for her to go out.)

PRINCESS. I shall be waiting. (*Exits R. C. DE WITZ closing doors after her*)

HAWTHORNE. (L. C.) Is it true that your Majesty means to run away?

DE WITZ. (R.) What!

KING. It is better to run away than to be sent away—when you're not quite sure where they'll send you.

HAWTHORNE. Believe me, it's better and safer to stay and face it.

DE WITZ. But we've not the smallest chance with them—there are hundreds to one against us. His Majesty's only chance is to escape.

(KING crosses L.)

HAWTHORNE. There is one thing your Majesty can't run away from. (*This stops KING at R. corner of table*) History!

KING. (*Turns to him*) Mr. Hawthorne, you are the best of our advisers. M. De Witz, we have changed our plans—we shall stay.

(*The din of a crowd is heard in the square off R. Very ominous and threatening. A man makes an ad lib. speech to them. Voices.*)

DE WITZ. (*At window*) The square is black with people—someone is addressing them.

HAWTHORNE. (C.) A mob must be told what to think.

KING. A mob! I fear the mob above all else.

HAWTHORNE. (C.) The mob is nothing. The thing to fear is the mind that thinks for them. Once let me get the better of that and there's an end of your revolution.

KING. (*Seated*) You have great confidence, Mr. Hawthorne.

HAWTHORNE. Of course. We've got a great chance to lick them. All this revolution is politics—very much like politics at home—and politics is the one thing I know something about.

*(Voices off-stage shout and stop.)*

KING. If that crowd takes the law into its own hands nothing can stop it.

HAWTHORNE. That's right, your Majesty—but it won't. *(Clock strikes twelve)* Twelve o'clock—it's time for our guests.

DE WITZ. (R. C.) The troops are coming, Sire.

KING. The chance of escape unnerves me.

*(IVAN starts R. C. frightened.)*

HAWTHORNE. Any news of Blake?

IVAN. None, Excellency. He will be admitted the moment he arrives.

HAWTHORNE. He ought to be here by this time.

*(OFFICER who has been heard running in the corridor enters R. C.)*

OFFICER. Your Majesty—they are knocking at the gate. A great crowd of them—The Minister of War demands an entrance in the name of the nation.

*(IVAN rushes off R. C.)*

HAWTHORNE. Then let the nation in.

KING. (R. C.) No—no!

HAWTHORNE. (C.) Your Majesty——

KING. (L. C.) No, no, hold the gates——

*(OFFICER turns to go.)*

HAWTHORNE. Wait—you there—you let them in—all of them that want to come in. *(To the KING)* Your Majesty, it is your only chance.

KING. I am the King—I command you to hold the gates!

(OFFICER *rushes off* R. C. *and calls down the corridor as he runs: "Hold the gates."*)

HAWTHORNE. Your Majesty, you are writing your own death warrant. Why can't you leave this thing to me?

KING. There is nothing you can do. Let them in and we shall all be butchered like dogs.

HAWTHORNE. No, your Majesty—I beg of you—

KING. How should you know what it means when the blood of Borrovina is up?

HAWTHORNE. The blood of Borrovina is the same as in any other place. The nation is knocking at your gates and the King won't let them in.

(OFFICER *again rushes in.*)

OFFICER. Sire, they threaten to storm the palace if we don't open.

KING. Hold the gates—hold them as long as you can—warn the Princess—we must fly—(*Dashes for door* L. HAWTHORNE *intercepts him.* OFFICER *rushes off* R. C.)

(DE WITZ *exits* R. C.)

HAWTHORNE. (*Stands in door to stop KING*) The biggest cowards will shoot a man who is running away.

KING. Let me out—let me out! (*Terrific explosion is heard and a noise of gates falling. The KING totters against the desk*)

HAWTHORNE. That must have spoiled your gates.

(*Voices approach in the corridor.*)

KING. Mr. Hawthorne, again you are right. We

thank you for preventing our escape. We shall endeavor to die a King.

HAWTHORNE. Now you're talking—but you're a long way from dead yet. (*Indicates door L.*) Now go in there quick, both of you. I'll stop them here and then you come out—that'll show them you're not afraid of them. If I get a chance to talk, you back up anything I say.

(KING and DE WITZ *exit L.* IVAN *rushes in R. C.*  
*Voices louder.*)

IVAN. They are coming this way—thousands of them. Where's his——

HAWTHORNE. In there—hurry.

(IVAN *rushes off L.* *The mob is heard yelling and advancing into the cabinet.* HAWTHORNE *quickly sits at the desk as the crowd of soldiers, OFFICERS, ADAMOVIC, STEINMETZ, FREDERICK and GENERAL HOHENLOE rush on and line up in mob fashion on the R. and face HAWTHORNE who coolly surveys them. The doorway is filled with soldiers, with guns and bayonets at charge.*)

HAWTHORNE. Hello! What can I do for you?

(*Mob cries "Who's he," etc.*)

HOHENLOE. What the devil are you doing here? (*Mob: "who's that"? etc.*) Wait! We will attend to this man later. First, we want the King.

(*Mob cries "Yes we do," etc.*)

HAWTHORNE. (*Rises*) You wish an audience with his Majesty? All right, I'll fix it for you.

HOHENLOE. We have come for Augustus—our troops surround the palace—an attempt to escape, and justice will be swift.

HAWTHORNE. Ha—ha! There's where you have the pull on civilized countries where justice is painfully slow.

(*Mob cries "Ah!" etc., and takes a step toward him. The door opens L.*)

DE WITZ. (*Who opens door*) His Majesty!

(*The KING enters, pale and weak and walks up L. above desk.*)

HAWTHORNE. Your Majesty, a deputation—I believe.

HOHENLOE. No—the judgment of the army and the people of Borrovina and their will.

(*PRINCESS is heard out in corridor.*)

PRINCESS. Let me in—let me in—(*Pushes her way through soldiers and into the room; rushes to KING's arms and swings to his L.*) Father! You are safe!

HOHENLOE. The Princess must retire.

PRINCESS. No!

HAWTHORNE. (*Above desk—L. of PRINCESS. To PRINCESS*) Your Royal Highness—don't be disturbed by this little demonstration—everything's going to be all right.

KING. Child—don't be frightened. If you wish to stay—come, sit here. (*Leads her to chair in recess up L. and she sits. He returns to his place at the upper end of the desk*) Now gentlemen, we are ready—what have you to say?

HOHENLOE. This. In the name of the army and the nation you have abused, King Augustus the Third, it is the will of the people of Borrovina that you be deposed from the throne where you have mis-governed so long. During your reign the finances of the State have dwindled away, the coun-

try has become bankrupt, a vast foreign loan has been incurred and for months the army has not been paid. All this has happened since you have encumbered the throne. Now the nation that called you to that throne has spoken—you are King no more. Here is the will of an outraged people—you must sign it here and now. (*He lays parchment before the KING who takes it up, looks at it, and then drops it on desk. HAWTHORNE catches the KING's eye*) Your answer!

HAWTHORNE. (*Grabs up parchment. Drops down L. of desk*) His Majesty has deputed me to give you his answer.

HOHENLOE. You! This man, gentlemen, whom his Majesty is pleased to make his spokesman, is the ruffian who this afternoon insulted Prince Vladimir, the future King of Borrovina.

(*Angry cries from Mob—"Kill Him"! etc. IVAN enters L.*)

IVAN. (*At door L.*) Mr. Blake has arrived, Mr. Hawthorne.

HOHENLOE. Hawthorne?

KING. My friend, Mr. Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne—of America.

(*Great commotion in the mob—all recognizing the name of HAWTHORNE and his millions and repeat his name among them.*)

HAWTHORNE. Pleased to meet you all. (*Looking at parchment*) You have formally demanded his Majesty's abdication and he has left it to me to give an answer. We have talked this matter over very thoroughly, his Majesty and I, and we have concluded to sign this document and abandon the throne.

ADAMOVIC. A wise decision since he has no choice.

HAWTHORNE. (*Moves to R. lower corner of desk*) You are right—he has no choice—but before the year is out, you will find that you are making a great big mistake.

HOHENLOE. What do you know of the conditions and needs of Borrovina?

HAWTHORNE. (*Goes in front of desk*) Ah, what do I know of the conditions and needs of Borrovina? Ha, that's funny—what do I know of the—? Do you know who I am? Do you know what my business is? Making money. Do you know why I left America and came over here to Borrovina? I've been keeping this under cover but I'll tell you now—simply because I knew that there were greater possibilities here than in my own land. You've got one cute little place here and you're making a fool of it with the fight you're putting up, and I tell you boys, if you're going to carry this thing any further, I'm going to pack up my duds, leave you flat and go home. (*He goes down L. and returns*) You know I could make a lot of money for you fellows if you weren't so busy with this revolution. And I know that you're just as anxious to make money as the next fellow, aren't you? (*Pause*) Of course you are. The only reason you all haven't got it is because you don't know how to make it. (*To GENERAL*) General, how would you like to have your own home, gardens and automobile? Would be kinda bad, wouldn't it? (*To FREDERICK*) How would you like to see a new hotel here and a great big Casino, with people flocking in here from all over the country spending money all over the place, and all you'd have to do every night is to dress up in your evening clothes and watch them spend it? That would be rotten, wouldn't it? (*To the others*) How would you like to see this town connected by railroads with Mavoritz, Arnbach and Rheinsic? (*Goes up through crowd*)



*and comes out about c.)* And all of you have a nice lot of stock in 'em and nothing to do but cut coupons. That would be bad, wouldn't it? But you can't do it with a revolution. What's the good of a revolution? Instead of taking your soldiers and having a great fight, getting a whole lot of them killed so they won't be any good to anybody—put them to work. What's the use of shooting a good cook, or a good chauffeur if you don't have to? You'll need them later on. To show that I mean all I have said, I intend—(BLAKE *enters with suit-case*) Gentlemen, Mr. Rodney Blake, my secretary, and I want to tell you he's one great little fellow! Come on over here. Rod, I want you to meet the bunch. General Hohenloe, shake hands with Blake—Rod, meet the General. (BLAKE *goes over to him*) Go on, shake hands with him. (*He puts the GENERAL'S hands into BLAKE'S. Taking BLAKE around to the others. To STEINMETZ*) And what's your name?

STEINMETZ. Steinmetz—

HAWTHORNE. Rod, shake hands with Steinmetz, too, you'll meet all these fellows soon. (*They go about in the crowd shaking hands, etc.*) There are a thousand other fellows just like him over where I came from and I'm going to bring them all over here so you can meet them. And he's a great little story-teller, too. Rod, tell that one about the cuckoo clock.

BLAKE. (*Starts*) Well,—once upon a time—

HAWTHORNE. No—tell 'em that later. (*Indicating the suit-case*) Open that bag. (BLAKE *does so*) I realize what's in your mind, gentlemen. How are we going to make money without capital to start with? I feel that I am so thoroughly in harmony with your best interests that I have anticipated your question and have brought here a very small sum with me—(*He opens bag which BLAKE put on desk and opens one of the bags containing gold and pours*

*it out*) Gold! Real gold! (*He than takes up a bundle of banknotes—they all crowd around and look at money, etc.*) I understand the army is in arrears of pay and I have brought with me enough money to pay the back salary of every officer in this room. Work will immediately be begun on the development of your natural resources. General, how much back pay is due you?

HOHENLOE. Seven thousand francs.

HAWTHORNE. Is that correct?

IVAN. Quite right.

HAWTHORNE. All I have suggested to you, gentlemen, can be realized—Borrovina can be made a prosperous, thriving nation. There's one factor though that must be removed. Prince Vladimir—you've got to get him out of here,—and keep him out.

ADAMOVIC. It's an outrage—I tell you——

HOHENLOE. (*To ADAMOVIC*) Wait!

HAWTHORE. Come on, gentlemen—you have come here for a settlement of your difficulties. I offer you a solution. What do you decide? Shall it be revolution or loyal allegiance to his Majesty? I must have your answer at once. (*He looks at them for a moment and there is no answer*) Good! You have decided wisely. Gentlemen, the revolution is dead—"Long live the King!" Hurray, hurray, hurray—(*He punches BLAKE in the stomach*)

BLAKE. (*Taken by surprise*) Hurray!

HAWTHORNE. General, it gives me great pleasure to hand you seven thousand francs. And if the officers will step this way, I'll pay the whole damn army. (*Army rushes to him*) Now—Long live the King!

(*Everybody joins him.*)

*Curtain*

## ACT IV

SCENE: *Same as ACT I. A new drop with many houses, is seen illuminated in the night. Decorations of lanterns are scattered among the trees. A table with four chairs are placed R. C. Music is heard off L. toward palace.*

TIME: *A summer evening—One year after ACT I.*

AT RISE: DE WITZ, IVAN, ADAMOVIC, REPORTER, M. FREDERICK and STEINMETZ are discovered. REPORTER is at L. dancing and singing. The others are seated about the table whistling to the music—strain of what the orchestra is playing off-stage. The waiter is standing at the back ready to serve.

IVAN. Tony's favorite song!

REPORTER. Well, I guess this anniversary ball is a shine party, eh?

DE WITZ. I've looked over every state function in this hamlet, man and boy for forty years and I've never seen anything to compare with this.

ADAMOVIC. Must have cost the Treasury a small fortune.

REPORTER. (*Crossing R. C.*) What if it did? This is an occasion to loosen up—the anniversary of the dawn of Borrovinian prosperity.

FREDERICK. (*Offers cigar to IVAN*) Have a cigar? (*IVAN hesitates*) It's all right—it's a Hawthorne.

IVAN. (*Taking one*) Thanks! (*To waiter*) Slip us a match.

REPORTER. Pipe! Present from Mr. Hawthorne. (*Crosses to the group at table and they all look at it*)

ADAMOVIC. If there ever was a decent fellow, he is.

FREDERICK. He certainly is a wonderful boy.

ADAMOVIC. Our box factory and the bottling works are running night and day.

DE WITZ. Which reminds me, are you lads going in on the expense in this new publicity campaign?

ADAMOVIC. Why should we? We've got more than we can handle.

IVAN. But how did you get all this business—how?

ADAMOVIC. Because these waters have proved a wonderful remedy.

IVAN. The waters are the same as they were years ago. But they never made any money for you until Mr. Hawthorne put the people wise to them.

DE WITZ. The great foreign demand for these bottled waters has been created by the development of the springs—building the swell hotels and making this a resort that backs Carlsbad and Baden-Baden off the map. You've been getting all the benefit of our world-wide advertising and never coming across with a pinch of change. But now in this new publicity campaign you've got to make a noise like regular money.

ADAMOVIC. (*Rising*) Well, get this—we refuse, do you hear, we refuse! We have decided to do no advertising whatever.

DE WITZ. You mean it?

ADAMOVIC. Surest thing you know—that goes as it lays—

(*All ad lib. the pros and cons together, very loudly. HAWTHORNE enters from L. and comes to them.*)

HAWTHORNE. (*From the stairs*) Here, here, here, boys! (*They stop and look at him. He comes down to them*) Shame on you—naughty, naughty!

(*They try to explain*) Now, now, now! (*They stop*) Just because you are making money can't you be left alone ten minutes without quarrelling over it? What's going to become of you after I sail to-morrow? His Majesty gives this wonderful reception to celebrate her Royal Highness' return to Borrovina and instead of helping to make it a success, you come out here and scrap. (*Sees bottles on the table*) Oh, I see. (*To waiter*) Take these refreshments away.

(*Waiter does so and exits.*)

DE WITZ. But these guys refuse to go in on the American advertising scheme.

HAWTHORNE. (*R. of DE WITZ*) Oh, no, that was all agreed upon.

(*DE WITZ crosses L. C.*)

ADAMOVIC. I said with our present enormous business we do not need to advertise.

HAWTHORNE. You think you'll get the benefit of the hotel ads without sharing the expense?

ADAMOVIC. We couldn't fill more orders if we had them.

HAWTHORNE. Did you see the plans for the addition to the bottling works?

ADAMOVIC. Yes—he——

HAWTHORNE. Well, that will double your capacity. You've shipped five hundred dozen quarts and a thousand five gallon kegs to the United States in the last six weeks.

ADAMOVIC. Really?

(*IVAN crosses up to L. C.*)

HAWTHORNE. Really? And you didn't know it—and you're at the head of the business. After this American advertising you'll be shipping four times that in a month.

ADAMOVIC. On the level?

HAWTHORNE. I never handed you any wrong dope, did I?

ADAMOVIC. No, of course—if you say so, well, it's all right.

DE WITZ. I told him if he tried piking, he couldn't get away with it.

(HAWTHORNE *turns to* IVAN *who is* L. C.)

HAWTHORNE. Speaking of the new road system—

IVAN. Did you get the statement of the amount of tolls last month from the new Castle Highway?

HAWTHORNE. Yes, wasn't it great!

IVAN. What do you know about that, eh? Almost a constant stream of motoring parties.

HAWTHORNE. We'll make this the greatest pay-as-you-enter country in the world. You must keep them hustling on the Mavoritz turnpike, it will have the Castle Road beaten to a frazzle.

IVAN. (*Laughing*) Beaten to a frazzle—that's splendid! I must remember that one. (*Jots the phrase down on a paper and joins the others who are up* L. HAWTHORNE *turns to* DE WITZ R. C.)

DE WITZ. Say, listen, we ought to reduce the speed limit to fifteen miles.

HAWTHORNE. Why?

DE WITZ. It would more than double the fines.

HAWTHORNE. You're all right, Witzie. I ought to take you to America with me.

DE WITZ. I'd do well there.

HAWTHORNE. Think so?

DE WITZ. Think—cinch!

IVAN. No need of our going to America. This country has it beaten to a frizzle.

(*Music.*)

HAWTHORNE. Frazzle! Suppose we forget our money for a while and get back to the palace.

ADAMOVIC. Yes—we will.

DE WITZ. So long, kiddo!

(*All exit L. 2. HAWTHORNE looks after them and then at sun-dial.*)

HAWTHORNE. Hello, old chap—how are you, old five o'clock? I haven't seen you for a long time, have I? And if I don't ever see you again, take care of yourself.

(*PRINCESS enters from top of stairs, followed by KATE. PRINCESS stops on landing as she sees HAWTHORNE. He looks at her and they hold the picture for a moment.*)

KATE. I thought you had gone to the palace, Tony.

HAWTHORNE. I'm going.

PRINCESS. You are leaving Borrovina?

HAWTHORNE. Yes, in the morning.

PRINCESS. Then, good-bye, Mr. Hawthorne—and thank you for all you have done for us.

HAWTHORNE. I've done nothing.

PRINCESS. Indeed, you have, you've made of Borrovina a new country, a prosperous country, you've worked, worked earnestly and dreadfully hard. It must be wonderful to be loved as the people of Borrovina love you. You've made most of them happy. God bless you and may you achieve all you desire. (*PRINCESS extends her hand—HAWTHORNE takes it and kisses it. KATE has gone up behind summer house. MISS SMYTHE enters L.*)

MISS SMYTHE. His Majesty is asking for your Royal Highness. (*HAWTHORNE kisses her hand—MISS SMYTHE exits. HAWTHORNE stands looking*



*after her, then turns front. As she gets c. BLAKE enters L. KATE comes from behind summer house. HAWTHORNE starts off)*

BLAKE. Where are you going?

HAWTHORNE. I just want to take a farewell look at Borrovina. (*Exits up R.*)

BLAKE. (*Looking after him*) He's got it bad, hasn't he?

KATE. Terrible.

BLAKE. I hope when he gets home he'll buck up a bit. Home! Just think you'll be in New York in ten days.

KATE. Yes, ten or eleven.

BLAKE. Kate, do all you can to get Tony out of the state he's in.

KATE. How can I help him?

BLAKE. I don't know. But you girls find some way of making a fellow forget.

KATE. Tony's not that kind.

BLAKE. I wish she was a regular girl or Tony was a Prince or something, then maybe they could get married.

KATE. Do you think she suspects how he loves her?

BLAKE. Suspects? Why, she knows how much he loves her—just as well as you know how I love you.

KATE. Do you love me, Rod—like that?

BLAKE. Of course I do.

KATE. You never said so.

BLAKE. Well, you always knew it, didn't you?

(*A moment's pause.*)

KATE. Am I to consider I've been proposed to?

BLAKE. Well, no. I don't want to tie you down. I can't tell you how long I'll have to stay here. I never could ask you to marry me before because I

never had money enough. Now it's coming in fast but I'm anchored way off here.

KATE. I don't mind that.

BLAKE. Don't you? Fine!

KATE. Isn't this old garden just full of romance?

BLAKE. Ah, ha, full of it. (*Coming down R.*) Then it's understood, Kate, that we——

KATE. No, it isn't. Listen, Rod, we've been fond of each other all our lives, haven't we?

BLAKE. I have.

KATE. And we've been so much together that all our friends have taken our marriage as a matter of course. But I won't be cheated out of my woman's rights on that account. No, siree—if I'm going to marry you, I've got to be proposed to first.

BLAKE. All right. (*Takes chair and sits close to her L.*) I'm no D'Artagnan, but I love you—and there's no other girl I love as much as I do you—in fact, there's no other girl I love at all. If there's anything you want me to do to prove it, I'll do it—I'll do it.

(*KATE looks at him and sighs.*)

KATE. Well?

BLAKE. Well, what?

KATE. Aren't you going to kiss me?

BLAKE. Don't you think that's a silly thing to do?

(*KATE looks at him, then looks away and sighs. Then rises and pats him on the arm.*)

KATE. Oh, come on, Rod, let's go back to the palace. (*Crossing up R. BLAKE following after her*)

BLAKE. Listen, Kate, if you really want to kiss me——

KATE. Oh, no——

(*HAWTHORNE enters.*)

(SENATOR *crosses L. near sun-dial.*)

HAWTHORNE. I'm just leaving—(*Starts—indicates L.*)

KING. (c.) So this is good-bye?

HAWTHORNE. (R. c.) Yes—this is the last one.

KING. (*Goes to him*) My dear boy, we dread to have you leave us—words fail to express our gratitude for what you have done. When you are away over the seas in your wonderful America you will sometimes think of us.

HAWTHORNE. Sometimes! Why, your Majesty, I'm leaving the better part of my life in Borrovina.

KING. We shall always think of you as our benefactor—our very best friend. (*Takes his hand*)

HAWTHORNE. Thank you very much. If you're ever in New York, let me know, won't you? (*Goes up R. to OFFICER*) Good-bye, old man. Try to get a little more of the stone-quarry stock—it's going to be a winner.

OFFICER. Thank you, sir, I will.

(HAWTHORNE *crosses to L.*)

HAWTHORNE. Remember train-time, Senator.

SENATOR. (L. c.) I know, five.

HAWTHORNE. Your Majesty. (*Exits L.*)

KING. (L.—R. *of dial*) His going is a great loss, Senator.

SENATOR. (R. c.) Your Majesty, that boy hasn't made a dollar out of all his work here.

KING. How is that possible?

SENATOR. He didn't take a share of stock in any of the corporations. He's built up this little country and he's the one interested person that gets nothing out of it. (*Crosses R.*)

KING. (c.) He's a wonderful boy! It may be that his fortune is already so large that he has no desire to add to it.

HAWTHORNE. Don't make me laugh. What do I want to be a Duke for?

BLAKE. Why, that's the first move—to be duked. Then after a couple of jumps you might get into the King row. Then you can go to the Princess and tell her you want to marry her—she'll ask her father and he'll fix it in some way. Gus'll do anything for you.

*(Enter SENATOR L. 2 dancing to the music off the stage. He comes down L. c. dancing.)*

SENATOR. Hello, boys, thought I'd finished dancing twenty-five years ago—but I broke out again to-night. No rheumatism either. Come along, Rodney, Kate's waiting for you to take her home.

BLAKE. I'll be right on the job. *(Going to him)* You and I have got to have a serious talk.

SENATOR. You don't say!

BLAKE. *(Crossing above SENATOR)* Think over what I said, Toney—it doesn't pay to be backward—take it from one who knows. So long, father-in-law. *(Exit L.)*

SENATOR. *(Coming to c.)* What's the idea of the father-in-law thing?

HAWTHORNE. Kate and Rod are engaged.

SENATOR. Well, it's about time.

HAWTHORNE. Senator, have you our passage home?

SENATOR. Yes, got it here; here's yours. Well, I suppose you'll be glad to get back, eh?

HAWTHORNE. Yes.

SENATOR. Still you have no cause to complain the way this country has treated you. You must have cleaned up a lot of money here, Tony.

HAWTHORNE. No.

SENATOR. No? That two million dollars I invested nearly doubled itself. You mean to say what

with all these investments you haven't realized any profits? Why, what railroad stock alone——

HAWTHORNE. I haven't made any investments.

SENATOR. What?

HAWTHORNE. Haven't invested a penny—— haven't made a cent.

SENATOR. Haven't made a cent—I suppose you'll be telling me next you are broke.

HAWTHORNE. The Government has repaid me the money I loaned them the night of the revolution, and I split that with Rod—so I've some money.

SENATOR. You've got some where you should have had barrels. Why the mischief didn't you go after it?

HAWTHORNE. I didn't want it.

SENATOR. I suppose you have been working here night and day for the past year just for the love of it.

HAWTHORNE. That's it, Senator—just for the love of it.

SENATOR. (*Takes HAWTHORNE by the shoulders and looks him squarely in the face*) That's what Kate meant when she said I was blind. You've done all this because the Princess——

HAWTHORNE. Loves Borrovina better than anything in the world—because——

SENATOR. You love the Princess better than anything in the world.

(*KING enters L. from stairs, followed by OFFICER OF THE GUARD. KING comes down L. OFFICER goes up R.*)

KING. (*Speaks from top of steps*) Ah, gentlemen, why have you forsaken the palace?

SENATOR. Your Majesty, I've just heard a story that I can't possibly believe.

KING. It must be an American story. Mr. Hawthorne, we feared you had gone.

BLAKE. Ah, Duke!

HAWTHORNE. Hello, Rod. I hope I haven't interrupted anything.

KATE. Not a thing. We were just going home.  
(Starts off L. again)

BLAKE. (Following her) Listen, Kate—if you really want to kiss me——

KATE. Oh, no! (Exits L.)

BLAKE. (Coming c. and extending his hand) Shake hands with me, Tony.

HAWTHORNE. (Shaking hands) What's the idea?

BLAKE. Shake hands with the champion Romeo of the world.

HAWTHORNE. Sure—but why?

BLAKE. Kate and I.

HAWTHORNE. What is it?

BLAKE. Engaged.

HAWTHORNE. Oh, you are? Fine! Does Kate know it?

BLAKE. Sure—I proposed and everything. I wish you could have heard me. I never thought lovemaking was in my line, but say, when the time came to-night, I found I was all there. I am some proposer. Have you seen the Princess?

HAWTHORNE. (Goes R. and sits) Yes.

BLAKE. Did you fix up anything?

HAWTHORNE. What do you mean?

BLAKE. What the deuce do you suppose I mean? I mean, are you engaged?

HAWTHORNE. Oh, rot!

BLAKE. What is rot? There is no Prince in the way now. It would be a cinch if you'd only go after it as I did.

HAWTHORNE. You don't know what you're talking about.

BLAKE. Of course it would. You couldn't ask anything that King Augustus would refuse. Why wouldn't you stand for his making you a Duke?

SENATOR. Fortune, fiddlesticks! There was no truth in that cock and bull story of his being a capitalist.

KING. What?

SENATOR. No. The newspapers made that mistake and Tony let it go to give the people confidence. But every dollar he had in the world was in that suit-case the night of the revolution.

KING. (*R. of sun-dial*) Incredible! What could have been his object in gratuitously doing all this for Borrovina?

SENATOR. Your Majesty—well, I don't know whether I can tell you or not. If you Majesty were just a man instead of a King it would be easy enough.

KING. Suppose we forget I'm a King and try to imagine I'm a human being, eh!

SENATOR. Oh, I didn't mean that—I too—may I tell you something, as one father to another?

KING. It would delight me.

SENATOR. Then the reason Tony has done all this is because the Princess loves Borrovina better than anything in the world—and because—he loves the Princess better than anything in the world.

KING. This is most remarkable—most distressing. (*PRINCESS enters down the stairs*) Ah, Irma, we've been talking of you. (*KING goes up R. and talks to OFFICER*)

PRINCESS. (*Comes D. L. of sundial*) They told me I should find your Majesty here. Miss Ballard and Mr. Blake are in the motor-car waiting for you, Senator.

SENATOR. Then I won't keep them waiting any longer. I bid you good-bye, Princess.

PRINCESS. Good-bye and a pleasant journey.

SENATOR. Thank you. (*Crosses L. U.*)

KING. You understand?



OFFICER. I'll overtake him, your Majesty. (*Exit L.*)

SENATOR. Your Majesty.

KING. Senator, when may we expect you to return?

SENATOR. I'll return next October with a ship-load of rheumatic friends of mine. (*Exits L.*)

KING. (*To PRINCESS*) You haven't forgotten your garden, eh?

PRINCESS. No.

KING. I have just been saying good-bye to Mr. Hawthorne. Did you see him to-night?

PRINCESS. Yes.

KING. I trust you expressed your thanks for what he has done for Borrovina.

PRINCESS. I congratulated him upon his success.

KING. His success—quite so. (*Crosses to seat R.*) But we have just learned that Mr. Hawthorne, for some strange reason of his own, has seen fit to take no profit for all he has done here.

PRINCESS. (*She looks L., then speaks*) Father!

KING. He has done it unselfishly—and we have reaped all the reward.

PRINCESS. (*Kneels at his L.*) Is this true, Father?

KING. Yes. We thought him rich, we find he was not. That he gave all he possessed to save us. But for Mr. Hawthorne we should be paupers in exile and Borrovina a nation of the past.

PRINCESS. Why didn't you tell me before?

KING. (*Rises*) Ah—and now that you know, could you not perhaps convey to Mr. Hawthorne—

PRINCESS. But it's too late—we said good-bye—he's gone—and I shan't see him again.

KING. Gone, yes—what a pity!

(*Enter OFFICER L.*)

OFFICER. I've brought him back, your Majesty.

(HAWTHORNE *enters* L. OFFICER *exits* L.)

HAWTHORNE. You sent for me, Sire?

(*Music.*)

KING. Ah, music! (*Crosses to L. and starts up-stairs. As he is half up, HAWTHORNE speaks*)

HAWTHORNE. But, your Majesty——

KING. (*Stops on middle landing of steps*) Mr. Hawthorne, although it will not yet be made public, we wish you to know before you leave us, that we have in council to-day definitely decided upon your American form of Government. There will be no more kings in Borrovina. At the termination of my reign this kingdom will be made a Republic. And now, may we ask you to escort her Royal Highness to the palace, Mr. Hawthorne—Tony? (*He exits*)

(HAWTHORNE *looks at* PRINCESS, *removes overcoat, goes to her and kneels.*)

HAWTHORNE. May Carlo speak?

PRINCESS. Yes.

HAWTHORNE. I'm leaving for America in the morning, unless someone asks me to stay.

PRINCESS. Please stay.

HAWTHORNE. Then, I'm forgiven?

PRINCESS. Forgiven? Why, you've done all this for me—and I love you.

HAWTHORNE. And I love you.

PRINCESS. And I love you. (*She kneels to him and they embrace, repeating the phrase until curtain descends*)

*Curtain*





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